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SUNSET THOUGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAGGIE C. PYBURN.

I watched the summer night come down,
With silent step o'er hill and lea;
The sunset clouds were all aflame,
And all aflame the rosy sea!
I said, to simply live seems joy,
To breathe this balmy air is bliss,
Oh, would that when I come to die,
It might be such a night as this.

With heaven seemingly so near,
So filled with golden, glowing light,
The air above so fresh and clear,
The ground with countless roses bright:
Methinks that I could yield my breath
Without a fear, without a sigh,
Could the last scene mine eyes beheld,
Be such a world and such a sky!

But even as I spoke the sun
Had called his fleeting glory in;
A sullen storm with angry brow,
Came up where all the light had been;
A moaning wind came off the sea,
Would fill a sinking heart with dread;
The night was dark with coming rain,
A raven flapped his wings o'erhead!

Ah me, I sighed, 'tis ever thus,
The night will still obscure the day;
The fairest things the earth can bring,
Even while we gaze will fade away;
Each fleeting hour its secret brings,
No mortal hand may hold the key;
The world is full of wondrous things,
And life has death is mystery.

PHILIP MORTON;

OR,

Adventures on the Pennsylvania Frontier.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR of "The Scout," "The Quaker Partisans," &c.

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CHAPTER XV.

Having thus cleverly got rid of one set of valuable allies, the general, before he left Fort Cumberland, managed, with perverse ingenuity, to drive off another set, who were as well versed in bush-fighting, a good deal braver, and not being bothered with families to be taken care of, were a good deal better fitted for effective service. Indeed, the only men by whom the place of the Indians could have been perfectly supplied.

It was on a fine morning early in June, that a party of men, some thirty or forty in number, made their appearance in the camp. They were an uncouth looking set, dressed in deerskin shirts and leggings, dull and weatherstained, rudely patched in places by pieces of leather, sewn by thongs of buckskin or deer sinews, and on their feet the soft Indian moccasins.

On their heads they wore a variety of caps, some of raccoon skin, with the tail hanging down between the shoulders; others of the same skin, but instead of the drooping tail, showing the head and grinning jaws of the beast in front, something like a visor. Some were of fox skin, some of beaver, some of otter. One fortunate individual had crowned himself with a dragoon's helmet, with hairy crest, pompoon, and brass mountings, all complete, which certainly formed a rather incongruous adjunct to the rusty hunting shirt, tight leggings, plain moccasins, long rifle, knife and hatchet that formed the rest of his equipment; the man looked all head. Another, the smallest and slimmest man in the party, had encased his head in the skin from that of a huge panther, which he wore something after the fashion of a lady's night-cap. They were all weather beaten, their faces burnt to a deep, dull red, or bronzed, according to their complexions, by long and severe exposure.

Their leader in particular, was so dark that it was difficult to tell at first whether he was white man, Indian or mulatto. He was tall, over six feet high, straight as an arrow, long limbed, walking with an easy stride, planting his feet lightly, but with a firm steadiness that showed the presence of a splendid set of muscles beneath the tawny skin. Without a particle of fat about him, and no superfluous flesh of any kind, his great height and slender waist gave to a superficial observer the impression that he was rather thin and gaunt; an idea which was soon dispelled upon a closer view of the actual breadth of shoulder and the enormous girth of chest and limb.

His figure was well set off by a close fitting buckskin dress, similar in form to those of the others, but fresh trimmed throughout.

These men had come to offer their services to Braddock, not so much from love to the English as hatred to the Indians, for the swarthy man in black and his rugged followers were no other than Captain Jack and his band; men worth, for the business in hand, all the finely disciplined regulars put together.

When the name of this new volunteer was announced to the general, he asked eagerly to see him, for he had heard of him frequently, and was curious to see and talk with the redoubted "Indian killer."

When he was introduced into Braddock's tent, the general, after gazing for a moment with delight at the splendid figure before him, told him that he had heard of him and his band before, and that he was greatly pleased to secure the services of such a valuable auxiliary.

After some preliminary arrangements, which, so far, went on smoothly enough, Braddock remarked to his secretary, "Now, Mr. Orme, you will oblige me by assigning their quarters to the captain and his men, and explaining to them fully the camp regulations—"

"We'll make our own quarters under the trees, general," interrupted the hunter, "and you must let us be free from any camp regulations; they'll do well enough for the reg'lars, but we're not used to them, and don't understand them."

"But you must learn to understand them," said the general, getting excited; "if you march with the army you must submit to all its discipline; fine times, indeed, when a volunteer undertakes to tell his commander that he don't choose to learn his duty and do it."

"We know our duty and expect to do it," said Jack; "but our duty isn't to mount guard and come into camp always at gun fire, or to parade with the reg'lar line. We'll serve you faithfully, for the love we bear the red-skinned dogs and the Frenchers that hound them on," he added, with a grim contraction of the lips which was as near to a smile as men ever saw him approach. "We understand this business, know every twist and turn and sneakin' trick of the treacherous devils, and can head them off and baffle them, where you, great general though you are, would be only getting your army cut to pieces; and we'll do it, if you'll let us do it our own way; my men won't obey anybody's orders but my own; not even mine, if they see a better way."

Braddock, who had been chafing under this plain speaking, to which he certainly was not accustomed, broke forth:

"You d——d scoundrel, do you know to whom you are speaking? I've a mind to send you to the guard-house to teach you manners!"

"Not till I'm under your orders," said the hunter, quietly; "so far, we're only man to man, not officer to soldier."

"Well, sir," said Braddock, more quietly, "you may make your choice, either submit to the camp discipline and regulations, or take your ragamuffins and begone. We can get along without you."

Washington, who was present, a listener to this colloquy, here interposed:

"Let me entreat your excellency to reconsider the matter," he said, in a low voice; "these men are the best scouts and Indian fighters on the border; the very name of having them with us will do much to secure us from attack—"

"I imagine, Mr. Washington," said Braddock, "that a British army, such as this, needs no prestige but its own to awe the enemy; and we have not made this expedition to avoid attack, but to meet it. I will have no gang of disorderly rangers in the force, corrupting the discipline by their bad example."

There was no use of arguing with a man who would learn nothing beyond what the Duke of Cumberland had taught him, and was obstinately bent on making the campaign accommodate itself to his system, instead of accommodating his system to the nature of the campaign. So Washington, for the time, held his peace, and Captain Jack and his men departed, moodily, shaking the dust from their moccasins. Braddock having, in this masterly way, got rid of two indispensable requisites to success in the enterprise, now prepared to march.

On the 29th of May previously he had sent forward a detachment of six hundred men, under Major Chapman, to act as pioneers and open the way. Starting at daybreak, these pioneers, when night came, had opened a path to the distance of two miles from the camp and run it butt against the foot of a mountain, whose side consisted of an almost perpendicular rock; so they sat down to study themselves through the quandary, after having utterly destroyed three wagons and badly shattered a good many more, in the effort to reach a practical solution of the difficulty.

At last it occurred to an officer of the naval brigade that a mountain sometimes had a corresponding valley by its side, and after some careful search succeeded in finding it, whereupon the party triumphantly passed through it, around the mountain, instead of going over or under it.

Finally, on the tenth of June, the last detachment of the forces, accompanied by the general himself, was put in motion, and the army crept along at the rate of about three miles a day through "The Shades of Death," until they at last reached Little Meadows, sick, wearied and dispirited.

By this time Braddock had made two or three discoveries, one of which was, that if he persisted in conducting an army through an unbroken wilderness upon the principles regulating the parades in Hyde Park, he would infallibly conduct it straight to grief. Another discovery was that dignity and self-conceit and pig-headedness, though they were fine qualities and were largely developed in him, would not perfectly supply the place of knowledge and experience, of both which he was blessed with a "plentiful lack," as regarded the business in hand.

He condescended, at last, to ask the advice of his young provincial aid, George Washington. It was given promptly and pithily:

"The garrison at the fort is weak at this time—the rivers are too low to transport men and supplies to them—push on at once with a light division, leaving behind the heavy troops and baggage, and attack them."

Braddock determined to follow this advice, and on the eighteenth of June Sir John Sinclair set forth, as pioneer, with four hundred men, under Gage, taking with them the pack horses, laden with tools and provisions, the Indians as guides and scouts, and two six pounders, to make the road.

On the next day Braddock himself started, with about eight hundred picked men.

Even on what was intended to be a forced march, however, they could not get rid of their old formal notions, for, according to Washington, "instead of pushing on with vigor, without regarding a little rough road, they were halting to level every molehill and erect bridges over every brook, by which means we were four days in getting twelve miles."

The old rate of three miles a day!

All this time the advance party was harrassed by outlying French and Indians, ready to cut off every straggler, pouncing upon horses and sweeping away everything that strayed without the lines.

On one occasion the old chief Scarooyaddi, already mentioned, while on the scout in advance, had fallen into an ambuscade of French and Indians. The old man was taken, and would have been put to death at once, by the orders of the French leader of the party, had not the red savages, more humane than the white ones, interfered, declaring that he should not be killed; or if he were, that they would immediately join the English.

So the matter was compromised by tying him to a tree, and leaving him.

His son, who accompanied him but had kept out of their hands, had in the meantime done the wisest thing he could under the circumstances; he pushed with all speed for the camp, gathered up Storm-Cloud's band, and returned to the spot and released the old chief, only, in a few days afterwards, to be himself killed by a party of grenadiers who fired upon him and some of his companions, mistaking them for the enemy, and disregarding or not seeing that they had raised a bough and grounded their arms, the countersign previously agreed upon.

The poor fellow's body was brought to the camp by his companions, wailing the death song, and laid before the general's tent.

Braddock, with all his brutality, had human feelings, and apart from the necessity of allaying the bad feeling that such a fatal mistake was calculated to produce among the Indians, who, naturally, did not understand such blunders, he was touched by the dignified grief of the old father, and the strong sympathy and sorrow manifested by his companions. He did his best to console them—and after distributing presents liberally among them, the unfortunate youth was buried with military honors.

It was almost the only thing done by him to conciliate his savage allies, during the whole expedition.

This was at "Thickety Run," only fifteen miles from Fort Duquesne, and where the army had halted three or four days to wait the arrival of provisions which had been sent for.

From this place they marched on the eighth of July, crossing Turtle Creek in order to avoid the "Narrows," and shortly after bringing up, not exactly against another precipice, but on its brink.

So the army encamped again for the night, while a strong party set out to reconnoitre the country thoroughly to see if some passage could be found, by which the dreaded "Narrows," with the river on one side and a mountain on the other, and the road too rough for any four-hoofed thing less sure footed and active than a deer might be avoided.

They returned towards morning with the intelligence that a passage might be made by fording the Monongahela at the nearest point, pushing straight across the country and crossing another ford, thus cutting off a considerable bend in the river and reaching them on the same side they were now on, but in the immediate neighborhood of the fort.

About sunset on the evening of the same day, a canoe, containing three men and a boy, was paddled into a little cove at the second ford which the army was to cross, and securely moored out of sight beneath the bushes, while the passengers stepping into the water, waded, crouching close to the bank about a hundred yards farther up the stream, and there went ashore in single file, each stepping carefully into the footprints of their leader, an old man in a rusty deer-skin dress, who moved along with that rapid, noiseless stride which becomes a second nature with the border scout. The others followed, as I have said, in single file, the one next to the leader, clad in the ordinary dress of a civilian, except that he wore moccasins like his companions. The next man was clad in a hunting-dress, similar in shape to the leader's, but made and worn with rather more regard to appearances, while the rear was brought up by the boy, straddling along to cover the longer strides of his companions, but with a sinewy activity in his movements that betokened muscles hardened beyond his years. The two last stepped steadily and accurately in the tracks of their leader, but the other, evidently much less practised in this kind of marching, would cringe a little now and then and utter a suppressed exclamation through his clenched teeth, as his foot pressed upon a stone or twig, while the other foot would come down with the sudden faltering wide of the mark he aimed at.

"Lookee here; by the hokey!" muttered the boy, at one of these failures, "if the doctor keeps on a makin' sich a broad trail, we must as well tell 'em all the trees as we go along to tell who we are an' where we're goin'. What's the matter with his feet?"

"They're tender yet," said the young man before him, in a whisper; "he's not used to the moccasin. But it is dangerous, Sexton," he added, addressing the doctor, "we're making a trail like a company of soldiers; can't you keep closer in Eli's tracks?"

"D—l take the tracks," said Sexton, impatiently, "and this walking in stocking feet through the woods; it was all well enough in the canoe, but my feet feel already as if all the corns on my toes had been transferred to the soles and each one had grown into a bunion. I never realized before what a blessing those infernal boot-makers are, with all their pinching. If I ever get my feet into a decent pair of boots again, Phil Morton—"

"St," interrupted the old man, crouching suddenly close to the ground, "down with ye, quick! I heered a twig snap over yander."

"Where?" said Morton, in a low whisper.

"Why, jist behind yan rock yander; thar it is agin!" he exclaimed, as the sound of a stick snapping came sharply and distinctly to their ears; "that stick was snapped by somethin' heavier than a man—"

"Twas a hoss," interrupted the boy, who was as you may have guessed, no other than little Frank Lightfoot; "that was a hoss's tread, an'—thar, I heered him whinny."

"There's a troop of horse over there," said Philip and Sexton, both at once, as the jingling of scabbards and accoutrements came faintly down the breeze; "didn't you say, Eli," added Morton, "that Contrecœur had no cavalry?"

"Yes," said Eli, "there ain't none but foot soldiers at the fort, I know."

"Then they must be our people; an advance party from the army, probably. Stay here, while I go forward to meet them."

So saying, the young Englishman moved forward towards the rock.

When he reached it, he found the reconnoitering party already mentioned, consisting of a hundred infantry and a few light-horse, which had halted to await the return of their Indian scouts.

Stepping coolly from behind the rock, he advanced towards the party, straight up to the sentry.

"Halt!" said the latter, bringing down his musket to the "charge" in a hurry, for Philip had moved so quietly in his moccasins that he was close upon the soldier before the latter had perceived him.

"Certainly, my friend," said Morton; "I did that before you saw me. I'm an Englishman and a friend. If you'll be good enough to take your bayonet away from my breast, I'll be obliged to you."

"An' let you inside my guard, so you can strike me with your tommyhawk, eh!" said the sentry; "it won't do, young man; how do I know you're a friend?"

"I suppose you understand English," said Morton, quietly; "as to the tomahawk, I'm nearer than I need be now, to strike you, if I wished to; I was within arm's length of you, at your back, before you saw me, and could have you put under arrest for allowing yourself to be surprised at your post, if I wished; I don't intend to do either. Who commands this force?"

"Captain Granger," said the sentry, beginning to be puzzled at the coolness of the stranger, and to suspect that he might possibly be "somebody" in disguise, and speaking with considerably more appearance of respect in his manner, "do you want to see him, sir?"

"Yes," said Philip, "send some one to him with Mr. Morton's compliments, and say that he would like to speak with him."

"Here, Jem," said the sentry, beckoning to one of the men who was passing near, "take a message from this gentleman to the captain."

In a few minutes the messenger returned with an invitation to Morton to come in. He found the captain sitting upon the ledge of a rock, solacing himself with alternate puffs at a well browned meerschaum, and bites at a huge sandwich that was nearly demolished.

"Why, Morton!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet, and taking the pipe from his mouth with one hand, while he grasped Philip's warmly with the other, "how did you get out into this break-neck country? I heard that you had sold out, but I thought you were at home; have you turned Indian?" he added, as he glanced at Philip's dress.

"Not exactly," answered Morton; "I've been in the woods, however, over two years; long enough to pass for one, I suppose. I was in Philadelphia before the army marched, and learning their destination, and hearing that you, as well as several other old friends were with the expedition, I concluded to join it, and have another brush with our old friends of the fleur-de-lis."

"But why didn't you join us at Alexandria?" inquired Granger.

"Oh! I had an old friend at an out station, whom I wanted to have with me; so Sexton and I—"

"Sexton," interrupted Granger, "is he with you, too?"

"Yes; do you remember him? Well, we went back to the station, and under Eli's guidance, struck across so as to head you off here."

"I suppose the one you call Eli is the old friend you mentioned," said Granger; "are he and Sexton near?"

"Yes, about a quarter of a mile off, with an imp of a boy, the coolest, shrewdest, oldest-for-his-age little dare-devil I ever saw; shall I show him in?"

"Certainly; bring them at once; stay; I'll give you the countersign," whispering it in Philip's ear.

In the course of half-an-hour, Morton returned with his friends.

Granger, who had really known Sexton longer than he had Morton, received *him* very cordially, Eli, with a gracious condescension, as became a high officer in his sacred majesty's service to a poor scout, and Frank, with a shrug of the shoulders and a slight lifting of the eyebrows that showed his appreciation of what such an urchin was likely to be worth.

"But you are not out here without Indians as scouts, are you?" said Morton.

"Oh, no!" said Granger; "we have all that are left; only eight; they're out somewhere, now, beating the woods; I expect them in in an hour or so. We had a good many when we started, but the general managed to get rid of them at Fort Cumberland."

"It was a great mistake," said Morton, gravely; "I heard something of it at Harris's Block; if he had known them as well as I do, he would have tried every means to keep them. I understood, too, that Captain Jack, the notorious "Indian killer" and his band offered their services and were rejected; how was that?"

"They quarrelled about some matters of camp discipline which Jack was not inclined to submit to, I believe," said Granger; "the fact is, Morton," he added in a low voice, "our respected commander is a conceited, shallow pated, pig headed old fool, who won't believe that anybody knows anything but himself, and I fully believe will sacrifice the expedition and the army with it to his books of tactics; don't tell him I said so, though."

After this somewhat free expression of opinion, the conversation turned upon general topics, and was kept up in a desultory way until the return of the Indian scouts.

As the latter came up to where the new comers were sitting, a mutual recognition took place, the Indians expressing their surprise by the usual grunts first, followed by a running fire of exclamations—"The Bald Eagle"—"The Shotgun"—"The Medicine"—"The Weasel"—and then crowding around them to shake hands, Dishauss and Wild Cat both seizing upon Philip at once, the latter laughing and going through an expressive pantomime of stabbing himself in the thigh, twisting his hands around it as though tightening a tourniquet, and then slapping a hand upon it and springing into the air to show how strong it was.

"Dishauss is very glad to see his brother," said the young chief, "we will strike the Chippewas again together, and the Ouinnis; and his father, the Bald Eagle; he is very glad to go on the war path with him again," he added, turning to Eli; "the Buffalo will be glad to see them, too."

"Is Adam here, too?" said Morton. "I shall be very glad to see his burly figure again."

"Why, they all seem to know your party, Morton," said Granger; "where did you meet before?"

"Oh, went through some rough work together last fall," said Morton, "I'll tell you all about it sometime. If it hadn't been for these good fellows, at that time, society would have been minus P. Morton, Esquire, which wouldn't have been much loss, and of Eli Flint there, which would have been a very serious one."

Good naturedly waiting till the greetings were over, Granger then received the report of the Indians that no enemy was visible, after which he gave orders to return to the camp, where they arrived towards morning, as I have stated.

CHAPTER XVI.

While the British army was thus approaching the point of attack, the garrison at Fort Duquesne had not been supinely waiting to be driven out whenever it might please their enemy to reach them.

Contrecœur, who was in command, with a mere handful, some eight or nine hundred men, of whom about six hundred were Indians, had been kept informed, constantly, of the progress of the army, by his runners, who had been skulking near their lines from the time they entered the wilderness, though they overrated the force considerably.

He saw no chance of holding the fort, in case they should reach it, though the position was a

strong one, and the fort itself was well constructed and capable, with a full garrison of sustaining a long siege.

It lay in the triangle formed by the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, on the eastern bank of the latter, by which it was well protected. The land side was fortified with bastions built up of great logs to the height of about twelve feet, and filled in with earth and sod firmly rammed, and surrounded by a ditch, with a stockade to support it. Still, with his meagre force, and but eight light cannon to oppose what he supposed would be a heavy siege-train of artillery, the case seemed so utterly hopeless, that he had almost made up his mind to surrender without striking a blow, only stipulating that he should be allowed the honors of war in his capitulation, and had prepared the solitary gun, mounted at the embrasure, loaded, tompion out and the port fire beside it ready to be lighted; an ingenious device which garrisons, when in a very tight place, adopt, to assure the world of the fact that they didn't surrender because they had to, but because they chose to.

Contrecoeur had been looking anxiously for reinforcements for which he had sent, in the spring, from Canada, but though there were floating rumors that a large force was on its way, it had not appeared, and nothing was known, certainly, concerning it, and now, on the eighth of July, the enemy was within a few miles of him, and an attack within a day or two, at farthest, was inevitable.

On the evening of the eighth an Indian scout came in with the information that the army was about to ford the Monongahela.

Knowing that after they had passed the second ford they must pass at one point through a forest along a narrow road, on either side of which was a ravine so shrouded with tangled vines and spreading trees, as to be unnoticed from the road, a young officer named De Beaujeu, proposed to the commander that he should allow him to prepare an ambuscade, first at the second ford, and endeavor to stop the English as they were crossing, or failing in this to try to cut them off at the point just mentioned.

"Ma foi," said the old commander, shrugging his shoulders with that peculiar significance that none but a born Frenchman can communicate to the motion; "ma foi, mon ami, c'est un peu dangereux ça; n'est-ce pas? It is to surround them you propose, is it not? And you will bring them all in, prisoners, eh! No, no, my son; if you go out on such an expedition, you and your men will return, never, and I—it must then be that I surrender the fort alone."

De Beaujeu, however, urged his plan so eagerly and was so sanguine as to the result, that finally the commander told him he might try it, provided he could get volunteers for such a mad enterprise.

Taking him at his word, De Beaujeu immediately submitted his plan to the garrison—who, to a man, declared themselves ready to join him.

When he proposed it to the Indians, however, they laughed at him.

"How, my father, are you so bent upon death, that you would also sacrifice us? With our eight hundred men, do you ask us to attack four thousand English? Truly this is not the saying of a wise man."

The Frenchman urged, stormed, gesticulated, pleaded with them, tried to shame them, and wound up by depicting in glowing terms, what an amount of booty, what unlimited whiskey, what a load of scalps would be theirs should they succeed.

These last considerations were so pleasant, in prospect, to the amiable red brethren, that they finally agreed to take the matter to sleep with them, and report their conclusion to him the next morning.

Bright and early, De Beaujeu, with a handful of French, started out and arousing the Indians, asked if they were ready to go with him.

The answer was very promptly and decidedly "No!" But at this moment a runner entered breathlessly, and announced the coming of the enemy.

"Then," said De Beaujeu, "I shall go out myself against the enemy; I am sure of victory! Will you allow your father to go out alone?"

There was a sting in this that roused the Indians, and changing their plan at once, they declared themselves ready to follow him.

To what purpose, will be seen hereafter.

Having now the two opposing bodies, each ready to start to attack the other, I must leave them, for the present, and go back to Mr. Morton, whom I left with his son and son-in-law to be, consulting together as to his future plans, while I went off at a tangent to Alexandria to meet General Braddock.

It was hard to say what was best to be done. Mr. Morton was growing old; and though he had good business habits in a general way, he had not been trained to any particular business and felt very diffident about his capacity to manage anything to which he was not accustomed.

He had inherited his estate in England, and had always lived upon the ample income it afforded, as an independent country gentleman.

He had saved some five or six thousand pounds from the wreck of his fortune, and this was all he had now to depend upon. What was the best disposition he could make of it, was the question.

His first idea had been to buy a tract of land in the interior of the province, and resume his old agricultural life, for which he felt better qualified than for any other.

His son and Sexton, who knew the difficulties attending the execution of this plan, and how little idea he could possibly have of them, did not like it.

They explained to him the enormous labor of first clearing enough land to cultivate, the privation of all the comforts to which he had been accustomed, and, above all, in the unsettled condition of the country, the danger from the Indians.

"But I suppose they won't disturb us, if we treat them well and don't molest them," said Mr. Morton.

"That you cannot rely upon," said Philip; "with some of the tribes, if living in their immediate neighborhood, you might, after they had learned to know and trust you; but what protection would you have against roving bands of hostile Indians, who could know nothing about you, except that you were a stranger and doubtless, and therefore, according to their logic, an enemy?"

"Apart from that danger," said Mr. Morton, "and the labor, is there any other great objection to my plan?"

"Nothing very serious, that I see," answered Philip; "it would take but a small portion of your capital to purchase as much of what would be admirable soil after it was cleared, as you would need, and by putting the balance out at interest, which you can easily do, you might realize income enough in cash to purchase whatever might be necessary from time to time, and hire all the labor you could get."

"That would be about the most troublesome part of the business," said Sexton; "there is no class of persons here who make service a business as at home, and you would have to depend upon such chance assistance as you could get from any one who might have nothing particular on hand for a few days and have no objection to making a little ready change. In this new country the servant is as his master, or a little more so. He will work for you to the best of his ability, provided you work with him, and fairly too, that you don't think yourself any better than he is, or perhaps not quite so good, as he will be very apt to consider himself as rather your benefactor than otherwise."

Mr. Morton looked puzzled.

"You will have to reconcile yourself," continued Sexton, "to having your servants, male and female, to consider themselves on a perfect social equality with yourselves, eating, sitting, talking, working with, not for, the family as an integral part of it, and liable at any moment, on account of some fancied slight, or for any whim at all, to show their independence by walking off without warning, leaving the plough in the furrow, the tree half cut down, and the dinner plates half washed."

"Hardly so bad as that, Sexton," said Philip with a smile; "at the worst, they will always have Uncle Mose, who is tired of the woods, and will stay by them to the last; I doubt whether even his affection for me would draw him again among the Indians, much less among the 'spooks an' hyatimounts' of which he has such a dread, and of which, notwithstanding his experience, he still devoutly believes the woods to be full. At present, however, the plan is out of the question. I know the danger and the impossibility of guarding against it, too well to consent that any such risk should be run."

"But, my son," said Mr. Morton, who still clung to the idea of real estate, "are you sure you don't overrate the danger from the Indians. They certainly won't be disposed to injure those who have never injured them."

"Father," said Philip, gravely, "this feeling that is growing stronger and stronger every year in the minds of the Indians, is not against individuals; it is a war of races; and sooner or later, it will become one of extermination. At present the savages are divided between us and the French, not from any love to or trust in either of us, but simply to help us exterminate each other and repossess the land themselves. Judge for yourself, if they will be likely to inquire whether you in particular mean to injure them.

"Leave the matter at least until we see the result of the present expedition.

"For the present I have a considerable sum in the hands of my agent here, for which I have no earthly use, except to place it at your disposal."

"And I have rather more than Phil in the same hands, sir," said Sexton, "of which I should be glad to make the same disposition; don't refuse, I beg of you, sir," he added, as Mr. Morton attempted to speak; "you may consider it a loan if you prefer to; we will not differ about names."

"But, my dear sir—"

"I assure you, sir," interrupted Sexton, "it will be no deprivation to either of us; we need but little money in the forest, for we can easily procure all we want without it; do not grieve us by refusing."

"Well, as you seem determined," said Mr. Morton, "and, as you undoubtedly know best, I will do as you say, understanding that whatever money I may have to use shall be considered as a loan to be repaid as soon as I may be able. But you speak of the forest; you don't surely intend to go back."

"Yes, sir," said Philip, "our plan is to join the expedition somewhere on the route and see the end of it, though I am afraid, from all I can hear of the general, that the end will be disastrous."

"Why so?"

"Because he undervalues his enemy through ignorance, and refuses to be enlightened by those who are wiser than himself."

"And do you expect to instruct him?" inquired Mr. Morton, rather drily.

"I fear not," said Philip, in the same grave tone in which he had spoken all along; "young woodman as I am, I could teach him a good deal that would be of use to him in the work before him; but I don't hope anything from that; I only hope, with the assistance I may get at Harris', to be of some use in the closing scene."

The next morning when the determination of the young men was announced, it was received with dismay. Mrs. Morton said little, for she was not fond of demonstrative grief and was afraid to trust herself to speak. Ellen scolded away heartily at both the men for leaving their civilized friends as soon as they had found them, for no better reason than to kill people who would never disturb them if let alone."

"But, sis," argued Philip, "those are the enemies of the King, who have invaded his territory; they must be driven out."

"Bother some," said Ellen. "If it was a committee of Quakers who were going out, I doubt whether you would see your way so clear to join them; there would be no fighting to be done then; if you will go, however, I suppose Walter had better go with you to keep you from running into any more mischief than is actually necessary."

"I doubt whether Carrie thinks so," said Philip; "look at the poor child; it is a shame to carry him off from her after so long an absence," he added, going over to the window by which Carrie, her eyes red with weeping, sat beside her lover. "Wait, I really don't see any particular use in your going with me; you're a non-combatant, you know, in virtue of your profession."

"If you and all the rest were non-combatants too," said Sexton, "I might as well stay; but if you should be hurt, I should be sorry to trust you in your own clumsy hands, though you did extemporize a very respectable tourniquet for your protege Wild Cat, last fall. No, no; you can't get along without somebody to take care of you, and I'm the proper person. Don't you think so, Carrie?"

"I wish you would both stay away from this dreadful fighting," said Carrie sadly. "I don't see any use in your going; I thought we were going to be so happy again all together, and now it's all to be destroyed again," and the poor girl, who had been keeping back the tears as well as she could, broke down again.

"I suppose it is your duty to go, boys," said Mr. Morton, "if you think so; I can't say it is not, though I would much rather have you here; cheer up, mother, and you, pussy; everybody that goes into battle don't get killed; Phil is an evidence of that; according to the best calculations, it takes, on the average, ten thousand bullets to kill one man,"—"not when they come from Indian rifles," muttered Philip, but not loud enough to be heard—"so that they have just that many chances apiece of coming back again."

There was a good deal more conversation to the same purport, during the few days that Philip and his friend remained at home. The family gradually became reconciled to the plan, and bade them good bye with apparent composure, though their pillows that night told a different tale.

CHAPTER XVII.

On the fine June evening when Philip and his companion reached the settlement at Harris's block-house, the blessed stillness of the summer twilight was undergoing sharp torture at the hands, or rather the throat of Sally Lightfoot, Tom's "buster" of a wife, who, in the phrase of the boy Frank, was making her unfortunate husband "stand round."

Tom, who was used to these little breezes, "stood 'round'" very quietly and coolly, apparently taking very little notice of the volley of epithets flying about his head, but working away at a wagon, the axles of which he was greasing, acknowledging by a grunt, now and then, some remark a little stronger and more personal than usual, but otherwise, to all appearance, undisturbed.

At last, having finished his work, he turned to his wife, and with the most innocent air imaginable, as though the idea had just occurred to him that somebody was saying something, he said,

"Well, Sally, did you speak to me? I thought I heard your voice; what's it all about?"

"Speak to you, you onsanctified knave!" gasped Sally, utterly dumbfounded by this impudence; "hain't I been screamin' myself hoarse at you this half hour?"

"I thought it was the wind," said Tom demurely.

"Screamin' at you this hour, I say, an' you took no more notice of your poor, lawful wife—now, see here, Tom Lightfoot, I ain't goin' to lay down an' let you wipe your feet on me quite; that's just the way with all men; be meek an' gentle with 'em an' they'll never see what a blessin' it is to have a good wife,—everybody knows what a wife I've been to you, you sneakin' vagabone, and that you're such a brute I hardly ever dare to speak above my breath."

"It would be hard for anything less 'n a hurricane to git much above it," muttered Tom, sotto voce; "but what's the matter, Sally?" he added in a louder tone, "never mind about the good wife; everybody ought to know that by this time, for you've whispered it loud enough to be heard across the river, about eleven times a week for the last three years; what's the particular harm this time?"

"Tom Lightfoot, you're the most aggravatin', stupid brute ever a misfortinit woman was tied to; I've a good mind to lay this broomstick over your skull an' see if I can't beat some life into your batter brains."

"Don't, Sally, please," said Tom in the same cool way, "you mought spile the broom, an' that 'd be a pity, seein' it's the best one you've got."

And the imperturbable Tom began to whistle, as he leaned carelessly against the hind wheel of the wagon.

"Do stop that whistlin', if you don't want to drive me crazy."

"Reckon I'd have to drive you backwards to git there," muttered Tom; "you got past that tavern a good while back."

"Here, you've been goin' an' promisin' to leave your poor, lawful wife, that's slavin' herself to death for your comfort, and hearin' all your bullyraggin' without givin' a cross word back,—goin' to take the team an' [illegible] them red-coated robbers that's goin' to drive out the French at the big forks. Goodness knows, I don't see any more right one's got to it than the other; they both stoled it from the Injins, any how. Who'll 'tend to the cow an' milk her, an' split the wood an' bring it in, an' make the fire an' fill the kittle, an' turn the churn handle, an' take care o' the baby, an' rock the cradle, an' carry her at night when the poor little innocent's got the cholic, an' fetch the water, an' feed the pigs, an' shear the sheep, an' peel the potatoes for dinner, an' grind the coffee, an' turn the big wheel, an'—"

"Most out o' breath, Sally?" said the unfeeling Tom, as the injured woman fairly gave out; "you've got a wonderful long tongue o' your own; now, I'll tell you what; I'm goin' to-morrow mornin' with the team an' a load o' supplies to jine the expedition. I can git a good price for the load, and a pound a day besides. You'll git along well enough; you've told me many a time I wasn't no more use 'n a stick about house anyhow, so you won't miss me. Besides, I want to git out o' hearin' o' that tongue o' yourn for a little while, an' try a little Injin fightin' for a spell for the sake o' peace an' quiet. Frank can stay at home an' do up the chores just as well as me."

Tom spoke the latter part of his answer in a cold, stern tone, very different from that he had used in the rest of the conversation; it was so unlike anything she had ever heard from him before, that the woman was partially awed by it, and answered a good deal less shrewishly than before.

"But, Tom, you know I can't do anything with that scapegrace; he'll take all my time chasin' him up through the woods, an' he won't mind a word I say when I ketch him."

"You'll have to try it, Sally," said her husband in the same tone as before. "I've made up my mind; if you treat him better 'n you've treated me, he'll do well enough. If I never git back, you'll be rid of a useless stick that you say's always 'round in your way. I've tried to be a good husband to you, Sally," he added, his manner softening a little, "but you wouldn't let me; nothin' I did or said ever seemed to please you; you thought I was hard an' unfeelin' 'cause I didn't seem to keer for it, but I warn't at first, an' I ain't now; all the cross an' bitter things you've said to me since we was married have scorched an' burnt into my heart like fire, an' my life's got to be such a torment that I believe I'd rather be kilt than go through another three years like the last."

He spoke sadly and sorrowfully.

"Yes that's the way," she began, with something of her old shrewish tone, "as soon's I begin to take my own part a little, it's all my—oh! Tom, dear Tom," she exclaimed suddenly, dropping from one hand the broom, and from the other the duster, and throwing her arms around his neck and bursting into tears, "don't talk that way; it is my fault; I know it is; I've got such an awful temper; but I'll try to do better, Tom, indeed I will. Won't you stay at home an' help me?"

Her voice was broken by sobs as she spoke.

Tom was utterly taken aback, dumbfounded by this unexpected display of feeling. He had settled down into the conviction, a good while before, that if his wife had ever felt any affection for him it had long since disappeared; and he thought that his own for her, and it had been deep and strong, was entirely destroyed by the searing process it had undergone.

He saw, now, how much he had been mistaken; for the old feeling, the recollection of former days came back upon him with all their early freshness, and he stood there, with his arm around the form that was clinging to him, blinking his eyes to keep an unwonted moisture from overflowing them, a happier man than he had been for many a long day.

Oh, wives, wives! Lady in silk and jewels, or lady in homespun, with toil browned hands—(for ladyhood is character, not position)—if you would learn to tame your refractory husband as Rarey tames a refractory horse! if you knew how kindness and patience and gentleness sink into his heart, and what power they have to soften his harder nature and make it what it should be—and how harsh words and reproaches and fault-finding will wither away his affection, and gradually case all his better nature—if he have one strong enough to be worth a woman's love—in a steel mail that will give forth sparks when struck, but no warmth, you would save yourself many an unhappy hour.

Must he never be told of his faults, did you say? You are his wife, lady; who made you his censor? He has faults enough; all men have; and what is more he knows it, and what they are a great deal better than you can tell him. Let him find you on his side, sustaining him in the battle with them, not on their side, marshalling them against him.

Your being blind to their existence will not make him so; but your forbearance will do more to make their deformity manifest to him than any dragging of them to light and parading of them before him will do.

There is a wild beast element in man's nature, which, though it will nestle and purr contentedly to the light touch of a caressing hand, will spring up with bristling mane and bared teeth at the touch of the whip.

I do not say it ought to be so, but you have to deal with the animal as he is until you can soften him into what he ought to be. The loss of his wife's love may harden a man's heart and drive him into a life of reckless wickedness; the loss of her husband's love may do the same bad office for the wife, but she is far more likely to break her heart over it and die.

Sally Lightfoot's repentance came too late to alter her husband's plans, for he had engaged to furnish the team and drive it, but he left home, the next morning, with a good deal more reluctance, and with a good deal more desire to come back than he had expected to feel twenty-four hours before.

Philip and Sexton knew nothing of this change, however; they had heard the firing in the early part of the battle, and had taken refuge in the block-house for fear they might come in for a share in the conflict, for Sally, when she opened her batteries was wont to ply them, with very little discrimination, on all and sundry within reach.

I need hardly say that they were warmly welcomed by Colonel Wharton, who had sorely missed the only two men he had seen for months, whose education, tastes, habits, breeding were similar to his own.

The old bachelor, while he did his duty faithfully, had no especial love for it, and had rather envied his young companions their trip to Philadelphia.

"Well, boys," he said, as he shook hands with them, "welcome back to the block; if it were not selfish, I would say, I wish we could have exchanged places. How you must have enjoyed yourselves, even with so short a taste of intelligent society, with access to newspapers and books—charming women to talk to and fall in love with, eh? How is it, Sexton, did you and Morton make any conquests among the fair dames in the city? You're both good looking fellows, young, and can each show a good leg on the floor; how is it, eh?"

"We have had no time to make a list of the conquests," answered Sexton; "I suppose we must have made several, but they neglected to report themselves to us, so that we had to come away without offering them any consolation—"

"You spoke of books and newspapers, colonel," interrupted Philip; "I have brought you a new novel called *Sir Charles Grandison*, by a Mr. Richardson, which has made quite a noise in England, some newspapers which my father brought over with him, and two or three numbers of the Germantown Gazette, giving some account of the movements of the army."

"Thank you Morton, thank you," said the colonel; "it was kind of you to think of the old man, when you had so much else to think of."

"I didn't forget you, either, colonel," said Sexton, opening his portmanteau and drawing forth a handsome German pipe and a large paper of tobacco; "see there! Now confess that I've come nearer your heart than Phil."

"I'll confess no such thing," said the commandant; "you're both whole-souled fellows, and I'm greatly obliged to both of you. I'll say this, however—that I'll read with all the more relish from having a pipe filled with tobacco, instead of a buck-tail, which is rather a make-believe substitute, at best, to help me. But what are your plans? Are you going to stay through the summer and help me fight off the blue-devils, or are you going to join this blundering expedition of Braddock's?"

"We intend to join it, if possible, just before the attack," said Morton. "I came this way, partly to leave the matters I mentioned, in order that you might have something to sustain life on in our absence; and partly to get Eli Flint to go with us."

"Hallo! Eli!" said the colonel, "by George! my boy, I don't know whether I can spare him; Adam Gordon has taken his burliness off to the army, and Eli is the only good hunter I have for the garrison."

"Oh, yes!" said Morton, laughing, "I must have Eli; he can be of more use there than here; for I tell you, colonel, there's going to be ugly work before this campaign is ended; you have some good hunters in the garrison; there's Robinson and Thwaite, both of them good shots and good woodsmen."

"Well, yes; I suppose they might do," said the colonel, musingly; "you can talk to Eli about the matter, when he comes in to-morrow morning."

"I see," said Sexton, "that Sally Lightfoot's temper hasn't improved materially during our absence. I heard her screeching at poor Tom as we came past their cabin awhile ago, in her most mellifluous tones."

"Deuce take the woman," said the commandant, shrugging his shoulders, "what a voice she has! If you'll only take her with you, instead of Eli, you'll have a vote of thanks from the whole settlement. I won't urge it though, for you would die of her on the way, and I don't want to have anybody's death, by slow torture, on my conscience."

"She hasn't killed Tom, yet."

"Oh, *he's* case-hardened; it was his only safety, poor fellow; besides, I don't think he's troubled with nerves; I wish *I* wasn't, and then I shouldn't mind her; but I shall die of her some day, I know I shall. Would you believe it, the virago actually attacked *me* one day; actually made her way into the Block, and began one of her tirades, right before the men when they were drawn up in evening parade, against the peace and dignity of his Majesty's Province, and in utter subversion of all military discipline."

"What was it for?" asked Sexton, laughing; "what had you been doing to draw her wrath upon *you*?"

"Why, nothing at all," said the colonel; "I only gave her husband three or four days' employment about the works, just out of pity, to get him away from her clatter for so long."

"What did she say?" inquired Morton.

"Bless my soul, my dear fellow," said the colonel, raising his hands deprecatingly, and shaking his head, "I can't tell you. Did you ever understand what a hurricane said, when it was howling through the trees? I didn't give her time to say much, though; I was frightened nearly to death when she began, and nothing but a sense of duty to the King sustained me, for you see, if I had quailed in presence of the men, even before such attack as that, I should have lost all command of them. I don't know though, whether I shouldn't have been lost, if it hadn't been for her husband."

"What did he do?"

"Why, he was standing near me, and when she turned her fire upon him, which you may suppose she was not long in doing, he just turned his back on her and began to whistle. I took the hint, and made a sign to the drummer, and he began a regular tattoo aided by the fifer and bugler, and the three made such a hideous racket, that they overpowered even her.

At a quiet sign from me they advanced towards her, and then the drummer in front and the fife and bugle one at each ear, they pressed her gradually back towards the gate, and finally fairly rattled and blew her out through it. I was so rejoiced that I gave them each half-a-crown and an extra glass of grog for their gallantry."

"How did Tom take that?" asked Morton.

"That's the queerest part of all; the fellow actually got sulky about it, and said it was no way to treat a woman, and told me if his wife was to be abused in his presence, I might get whoever would to work for me, for he'd be d—d if he'd do another stroke; and away he strode after her. Did you ever hear of such ingratitude? After what I had suffered, from pure kindness to him, too. And then, the idea of calling such a she-devil a woman!"

"Well, colonel," said Sexton, "if you'll allow me to express a candid opinion, it served you right. What business had an old bachelor like you, to meddle between man and wife? Don't you know that they are always like a pair of shears, and that everything that gets between them is sure to get nipped?"

"I believe you're right, doctor," said the commandant, lugubriously, "but it all grew out of my confounded benevolence of character. I never could see a dog with a kettle at his tail without trying to separate them. But it has taught me a lesson, and I'll be hanged if I ever try to be benevolent again."

"I wouldn't advise you to—in that way," said Sexton, drily.

"I don't intend to, I assure you," answered the colonel in the same tone; "but come in to supper, and then we'll wash the taste of Sally out of our mouths with some prime whiskey, and try a whiff at your tobacco; I want to give the new pipe a warming."

When Morton arose the next morning he found Eli already returned.

The old man was rejoiced to see his pupil again; for he had been afraid that when he once got back to the "settlements," where the trees were all cut down and people didn't know how to shoot, that he would be would be seduced from his allegiance to the free woods and the rifle, and never come back.

"I'm right glad to see you agin, Master Philip," he said, "an' the doctor, too, though he don't know much 'bout handlin' a rifle; if he'd only come out with us, we'd soon larn him, though, wouldn't we?"

"Perhaps so," said Philip, "but the doctor's business is to cure shot holes, not to make them, Eli; every man to his trade."

He then explained to Eli his plans, which met with the latter's hearty concurrence.

It was arranged that they should start after another week, which Eli intended to occupy in hunting, in order to leave a good supply of meat for the garrison during his absence.

At the expiration of the time they set out, Eli and Philip and Sexton together.

At the close of the first day of their journey, when they halted for the night, Eli began building a fire.

"Isn't that dangerous, Eli?" said Morton.

"No, there hain't none o' the Injins about here now," said Eli; "they're all hangin' about the troops to try what they can steal; no danger o' the varmints here."

Somewhere about midnight, Morton, who had learned to sleep lightly was awakened by the cracking of a twig near him. Glancing around cautiously, he saw that Eli was awake also, and already had his hand upon the lock of his rifle.

"St!" he whispered, "lay still; I reckon it's nothin' but a wolf, but we'll soon see."

They now distinctly heard footsteps approaching cautiously, and in a moment more could distinguish the shadowy form of a human being moving from tree to tree. As it made a dart to the shelter of a large tree within thirty or forty feet of them, both men sprang to their feet and brought their rifles to bear upon the half-concealed object.

"Hello, there! don't shoot," called out a childish voice. "Crickee! don't you know me, Eli?"

"I b'lieve in my soul it's that corn-twisted

little Weasel," said Eli, disengaging his finger from the trigger, but still keeping the muzzle in place.

"Come in, boy," said Morton, who had instantly recognized the voice, "come in, and let us know why you have dogged us."

The boy stepped at once into the light of the fire, his old face and sharp black eyes contrasting curiously with the slight childish frame, wiry though it was.

"Now," said Philip, kindly, "what has brought you here, so late at night, and so far from home, my lad?"

"I've ben a-trailin' you all day," said the boy; "I heered you was a-goin' to fight the Injins, an' I wanted to see the fun. I knowed you wouldn't let me go if I asked you at first, but you won't send me back now, will you?"

"It is too far for you to go back alone," said Eli, "an' I reckon you'll have to come with us; you're got to begin sometime, an' it mout as well be now. What do you say, Master Philip, shall we take him?"

"If you are satisfied," said Philip; "what do you say, Sexton?"

"Of course," said Sexton, yawning. And so Frank Lightfoot entered on his first campaign.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1866.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,		$2.50
Two copies, "		4.00
Four copies, "		6.00
Eight copies, "	and one to getter up of club,	16.00
Twenty " "	and one to getter up of club,	35.00
One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4.00

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Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty cents in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

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We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

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THE SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

REDUCTION OF $10.00.

A SPLENDID OFFER.

If our readers be not entirely asleep upon this subject of Sewing Machines, we design now to stir them up a little.

While we have sent a number of Sewing Machines to the getters-up of Clubs, that number has been ridiculously small, compared to what it ought to be.

We will now reduce the rates—at least for a time—and see if we can set some thousands of our readers to work, for their advantage and ours.

To every one who will send us a Club of

20 Subscribers and $60.00

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we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's $55 Sewing Machines.

This is a reduction, as it will be seen, of Ten Dollars from our previous offers.

The Clubs may be made up either of subscriptions to The Saturday Evening Post, or to The Lady's Friend, or to both periodicals.

There is no "humbug," as some appear to think, about this offer. The Machine sent will be the Wheeler & Wilson's Machine which is sold in this city and New York for Fifty Five Dollars cash. It will not be a second-hand article; it will be a new and genuine machine, in as perfect order, and precisely like those which you would buy of the agents.

Thousands of our readers—and especially among the ladies—ought to go to work at once, and take advantage of this splendid offer.

Certainly, nearly any one can raise a Club of twenty or thirty subscribers to The Post and Lady's Friend, when the reward is to be a Sewing Machine worth Fifty Five Dollars!

At least, Try it.

FIRE.

Owing to a fire early on Monday morning, which destroyed about half the edition of The Post, and mussed matters generally, our issue has been necessarily delayed this week.

As said fire also destroyed about 15,000 copies of the Lady's Friend, besides doing other damage, the subscribers to that periodical will please exercise a little patience if the June number should be a little later in coming than usual.

NOTICE.

Mrs. Bella Z. Spencer has parted with her interest in the Saturday Evening Post.

The paper will still be published under the firm of Henry Peterson & Co.

Notwithstanding her absence from Philadelphia, Mrs Spencer hopes to be able to contribute frequently to the columns of The Post, and thus keep up the connection between herself and its readers.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

We have received the following—dated April 29th:—

To Whom it May Concern.

Gentlemen:—I received, April 29th, the Sewing Machine you sent me as a premium for 30 subscribers for the Saturday Evening Post and Lady's Friend. It is a tip-top machine. No humbug that. I thank you for it, and also the 30 subscribers that helped me get the machine.

Neenah, Wisconsin. Mrs. S. D. Spears.

One of Our Old Subscribers.—Mr. N. R. Nye, of Pomeroy, Ohio, in sending on his subscription, writes that he has been taking and paying for The Post now for *thirty-three* years—the paper being sent to one office all the time! We think that a flattering testimonial to the value of the paper.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Gold Brick. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Mrs. Stephens's new novel possesses a rare merit in these days of hackneyed plots, in its startling originality. The story is one of absorbing interest, and is full of those wonderful word pictures for which this authoress is so celebrated. Description under her pen takes the beauty of painting. The tale is full of startling contrasts; the scene varies from St. Domingo in the horror of its insurrection to the quiet of New England, and the characters drawn with a master hand, vary as much in their individuality. Rarely to be met in fiction is a character more beautiful than that of Katherine Allen; and the patriarch, Thrasher, with his holy purity of life, is finely contrasted with his sin-stained son. The book will well repay an attentive perusal.

In Trust; or, Dr. Bertrand's Household. By Amanda M. Douglass. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia.

New Book of Flowers. By Joseph Breck. Newly Electrotyped and Illustrated. Published by Orange Judd & Co., New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The Masquerade and Other Poems. By John Godfrey Saxe. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia.

The Miniature Fruit Garden; or, The Culture of Pyramidal and Bush Fruit Trees. By Thomas Rivers. First American from the Thirteenth English Edition. Published by Orange Judd & Co., New York.

Hall's Guide to the Great West. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. An useful work to those who are going West—or wish to know a little about the new territories.

Joseph Grimaldi. By Charles Dickens. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

Doctor Kemp. The Story of a Life with a Blemish. Published by The American News Company, New York.

The Naval Lieutenant. A Novel. By F. C. Armstrong, author of "The Two Midshipmen," &c. Published by The American News Company, New York.

The Atlantic Monthly, for May. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

A Message from the Border Land. A little Tract which will be sent free of charge to any Sunday-school Superintendent. Published by J. C. Garrigues & Co., Philadelphia.

BIERSTADT'S LAST WORK.

"A Storm in the Rocky Mountains."

The readers of The Post will doubtless remember Mr. Bierstadt's first large painting, "The Rocky Mountains," which was exhibited in the Art Gallery of the Sanitary Fair. The prominent place assigned to it, opposite the entrance, indicated the high appreciation of the Art committee; an appreciation which the lingering crowd of visitors fully endorsed.

This industrious artist has since finished two grand works: "Mt. Hood in Oregon," and the one whose name heads this article. The latter is now exhibited in a room, fitted up expressly for the purpose, at the Art Gallery of Wenderoth, Taylor & Brown, 914 Chestnut St. The proceeds of this exhibition are entirely devoted to the "Lincoln Institution" for the Orphans of Soldiers and Sailors.

We cannot attempt a minute description of this painting; but we must notice three or four features which will attract every observer, after the eye has feasted on the *tout ensemble* of clouds, mountains, plains, lakes, cascades, and cliffs.

In the centre of the picture rises a mass of granite, perhaps a thousand feet or more, though you cannot tell how high, for the top is lost in clouds. Why is it that every one is first attracted to that hard grey mountain? Its front, scarred and seamed by the mysterious agencies that attended a world's formation, has nothing of the beauty that wooes the eye in the foreground. It is nothing but a bear and weather-beaten rock, whose scant patches of lichens only serve to illustrate its stony barrenness. But it would seem that here the artist gloried in compelling an acknowledgment of his power by gaining a triumph with the simplest elements of effect. True, it is nothing but rock, but it is rock; and as the sun lights up the venerable mass, in striking contrast with the black, advancing thunder cloud rolling and tumbling over its summit, you feel that you are in a majestic presence; and you understand why the spectators around you, moved with a like impression, have hushed their voices to a whisper.

In the right foreground is a little pool, of which you may almost see the whole mossy bottom, so pure are its waters, gathered from that little mountain spring which leaps into it in a tiny cascade. It is impossible in few words to do justice to the beauty of this cool, quiet nook, relieving the eye by contrast with the light in the centre of the picture. If you are a botanist, come near and tell us the names of those grasses and flowers around the edge of this crystal lake, for you can trace their very veins and count their petals; aye, and their stamens and pistils for aught we know; and this in a painting of such general boldness that a distance of forty feet is the proper point from which to obtain its best effect. Ye artists who scorn such "carefulness," and throw on your colors with big brushes and long handles, draw nigh, and learn that minuteness in detail is not incompatible with grandeur in whole.

And what of the clouds? It is a very common experience that an artist otherwise meritorious shrouds his reputation in his clouds. Who has not seen a fine landscape under a dire canopy of base material, that might be cotton or wool or clay banks, or paint—forgive us—or anything but what it purports to be? But Bierstadt's clouds are spirits of the air; turbulent, threatening spirits in this case, born of the unseen forces wherewith tempests are wrought. Yet a glance at the peaceful valley over which myriads of such storms have swept, and left no enduring trace of evil, reminds one of the higher dominion of Him who "holds the winds in His fist," and under whom these are ministers; "hail and snow, fire and vapor, fulfilling His word."

Notwithstanding the beauties of this wonderful picture, we could not of course hold up our head among critics unless we complained of something. When we order a painting from Mr. Bierstadt at the magnificent price of $25,000, which he received for this—none too much, by the way—we shall beg that the sublimities of Nature be not interfered with by the introduction into the foreground of such an exciting spectacle as a pair of runaway horses. To our poor mind they grate terribly on the unities, even though they be chased by wild Indians. Would that those horses, especially that white one, had been caught and tied up before the artist made his sketch. There is a bear in the picture, who exercises considerable discretion, for he keeps well out of view. We will not tell where he is, so that the reader may enjoy a hunt.

It may interest some persons to know that Mr. Bierstadt is what persons in middle life would call quite a young man.

In spite of his German name he is an American. Singularly modest, he wins the affection of all who know him. May he long have the enjoyment of all the rewards to which his talents and character entitle him; and live to paint many more pictures! T.

Active Police.

An amusing story is now going the round of the Paris clubs. It appears that a short time ago a foreign prince made a heavy bet that he would be arrested by the police without committing any offence whatever, or in any way provoking the authorities. The bet having been taken by a member of the Imperial Club, the prince went to one of the most aristocratic cafes in Paris, dressed in a battered hat, a ragged blouse, and boots all in holes, and, sitting down at one of the tables, ordered a cup of coffee. The waiters, however, paid no attention to so suspicious-looking a customer; upon which the prince put his hand in his pocket and showed them a bundle of bank-notes. The proprietor then ordered the coffee to be served, sending meanwhile to the nearest police-station for a sergent-de-ville. The prince was duly arrested and taken to the commissary of police, where he stated who he was, and was afterwards taken to the gentleman with whom he made the bet to prove his identity. A similar story was told at Vienna, some time ago, of a Hungarian Prince Szandar, M. de Metternich's son-in-law, who, in order to make his arrest quite sure, took the bank-notes out of his boots.

A Remarkable Story.—A writer in Blackwood's Magazine, who professes to have been a Confederate officer, tells a story which sounds somewhat Munchausenish, about a rebel soldier who fell by his side. A Yankee bullet had struck him in the middle of the forehead, and he was regarded as killed outright, but to his surprise, he found him a few hours later fighting again. The writer of the article accounts for this in these words: According to the surgeon's statement, the ball, striking obliquely, had glanced, passing between cuticle and skull *all round the head emerging from the very place it had first entered!*

Pocket Picking a Regular Trade in Boston.—The Boston Journal remarks that few persons except the victims know to what extent pocket-picking is carried on in that city. It has become a regular branch of business, and there are a large number of persons who depend upon it for their living. They not only infest depots, places of amusement and rail-cars, but are continually prowling about the large dry goods stores. The police find empty wallets by dozens which have been thrown over fences or behind old buildings. Fifteen were found by an officer a few mornings ago in one place.

☞ The story told of an editor in the goodly city of Louisville isn't bad. In coming home he was met at Cincinnati by one or two persistent newsboys, screaming in his ears, "Here's your Louisville *Democrat*, *Journal*, and *Courier!*—take a paper, sir! take a paper!" until they annoyed him, and he said, "Go away! I make them things!" meaning the newspapers. "Come along, Bill!" shouted the impertinent newsboy, at the top of his voice, to his companion, "*that's the reason we can't sell 'em!*"

☞ A farmer in Susquehanna county, recently had a suit brought against him for eight days service in the hay-field, by a young man who voluntarily assisted the old man's daughter in raking hay as a convenient chance for sparking. The lass having discarded him and married another, the swain claimed wages of the old gentleman.

☞ Women were flogged in Jamaica with "wire cats"—the ordinary cat-o'-nine-tails with No. 16 brass wire twisted among the strands. England is the "guardian of civilization."

☞ A gentleman in Omaha advertises for a "first-rate, tip-top, A No. 1 housemaid," and adds the suggestive statement that "all the piano playing, fine needle work, visiting, and entertaining company, will be done by the lady of the house."

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Done with Chiloe—Rock Ends—Pacific Slope—All Afloat—Bound North—Beautiful Bay—Valdivia—Moral Status—Immoral Clergy.

We had done Chiloe, as thoroughly as it was possible to do such an island and such inhabitants in three months, and Chiloe, with its uncongenial climate, uncouth customs, and utter barrenness of all natural objects of interest, unless we took to the water to find them, had *done* us quite as effectually; and disgusted with the majority of our island experiences, we were going to celebrate the occasion of our departure as a high carnival.

It is true, we had made native, island friends, that we should bid *adios* with regret; besides we could have spent a life-time pleasantly with our ex-whale killers and their interesting families, and if they could have had their way we should every soul of us have remained domiciled at Valverde the remainder of our natural lives.

But we remembered always that we were wandering Bohemians, having before us thousands of miles of the Pacific slope, and something of the Pacific itself to traverse, and so we were ever restless, and impatient of inactivity. Cator contended stoutly that we were as legitimately Ishmaelites as ever vagabond men and women were anything.

There was a superb ship at our service, to go where we would with, and so after laying in live stock and dead stock, pigs, poultry, vegetables, and whatever Chiloe afforded in the way of sea stores, in quantities sufficient to have served us in the circumnavigation of the globe, and having sent off our horses in charge of our ten *peon* dependents, guided by two trusty Chilano *guardias*, towards Valparaiso, and celebrated our evacuation day, and having bidden all our island friends farewell, we sailed one bright, beautiful morning from Valverde, and out of the Gulf of Gulteca, and out to sea through the narrow Strait of San Carlos, bound for Valdivia, Conception, La Palma, thence off shore to Mas a Tierra, or Robinson Crusoe's Island, and its sister land—Mas a Fuero. From these Pacific islands we were to go direct to Valparaiso, and then whether we would continue our voyage down the coast, or take the saddle and the *campo* again, would be determined by circumstances.

There is a peculiar economy in the construction of the American Continent that I have never heard discussed, either orally or in print, though the phenomenon has occurred and recurred to me frequently, ever since my first passage round Cape Horn and down along the West Coast,* and my second cruise along the coast of Labrador. Both ends of our Western World, and a considerable distance along both sides towards the tropics present rugged, rocky, iron-bound shores, and all between, with exceptional stretches of course, we have the coast low and comparatively level, and the shores sandy, with shallow water approaches.

Is it because Creative Wisdom foresaw the necessity of protecting the two extremes with granite walls against the rude assaults of these tempestuous regions, as we adopt the patent "copper tips" for our children's shoes?

In the southern hemisphere the wall extends many degrees further towards the equator than it does at the north; and as on the Pacific side of the land to the northward of Valparaiso, down as far as Callao, there are no storms, and consequently no necessity for this rocky breakwater, one without study or reflection would naturally enough conclude that here nature was at fault. But careful study and investigation of the topography and geographical features of Chile, Bolivia and Peru, ought to convince ordinary common sense that nature has made no mistake in thus extending her sea wall along the West Coast. In earlier ages, when our world was a good many thousand years younger, the great Andean chain—now our continental back-bone—was undoubtedly but a towering crested ridge, rising abruptly from an ocean base, dotted all along its apex with volcanic spout holes, itself but a hollow shell filled with molten fire, burning at an intense heat, and vomiting out vast and continuous volumes of lava, which set to the westward, mainly by the everlasting easterly trade winds, rolled down the rugged steeps in rushing fiery rivers, widening out into lakes, and these joining and cooling; and again overflowed—pushed always further westward, forming at length the vast Pacific Slope, made up of scoria, lava and volcanic ashes, having its water front of vitrified rock, at distances varying from seventy to a hundred and fifty miles from the original base of the Andean Chain.

But for this admirable precaution of nature, some unlucky day the mighty Pacific would have beat against and broke in the thin Andean shell, pouring an ocean down upon another sea of pent up fire, and—*Pop—bang*—there would have been an explosion in a wink, blowing our world into infinitesimal atoms like a bomb shell.

Perhaps all this is not particularly pertinent to the question of "South American Civilization;" but I thought it the shortest cut by which to prepare the reader for sea views and shore scenery likely to be met with along the Pacific coast—besides, as the digression occurs during a night run, five leagues off shore, between San Carlos and Valdivia, no time has been thrown away. We could have neither seen or done anything else—don't you see?

Our beautiful bark, La Esmeralda, had excellent cabin accommodations for forty persons, besides captain and officers. At Valverde we had added a deck dining saloon—not especially artistic, but strong and comfortable, with table room for exactly four dozen people; and as by sending off our attaches as we had done, and the leaving behind of seven or eight Chilano irregulars who had joined us temporarily at Santiago, our party was pruned down to twenty-eight, all told, we had cabin, berth, and table room to spare. That was all very pleasant. There is no more annoying fix in this world—no more hateful abomination than to be cooped up, crowded, wedged, jammed together at sea. Afloat, one wants freedom—the largest liberty. It is uncomfortable to be a particle squeezed, even by one's best best friend. On shore you can always shift, edge off, get out, disperse, and command comfort. But cramped up at sea—Bah! There you are, and perforce must remain there.

From the curse of crowding we were free, and with our genial, gentlemanly and skillful, "Handsome Harry" as commander and companion, his beautiful, fascinating little Chilean widow-wife, as chief mate in chiefable, well-bred officers, first-class cooks and steward, an unusually fine crew, and ourselves, all resolutely bent on keeping care of every name and nature always three marine leagues from the ship the promise was that our cruise would be as pleasant as any ever made in the Pacific, or anywhere else.

A day and a night's run along the coast, with smooth sea and fine southerly breeze; and then as the sun arose clear, bright and cloudless over the far-off dim blue crest of the Andes away beyond the country of our Aricauman friends, the bold, wooded bluff forming the southern headland of the beautiful Bay of Valdivia rose off our starboard bow, its dark green head quietly asleep; only its foliage plumes nodding graceful welcomes as we drew in with the land, passed within half a league of the shore, and swept on into the fairy bay.

That is all there is fairy-like about Valdivia—its magnificent bay and picturesque surroundings. Nature left the scene a terrestrial paradise—the Spaniard and his degenerate descendants have in nothing seconded nature. On the contrary, their occupation has been but an unsightly blot upon the fair face of Nature. Everywhere throughout Spanish South America, and especially in the Pacific republics, the low standard of civilization is at a glance apparent to the civilized North American, or European stranger. In Valdivia it is patent at sight.

A most inviting retreat is the lovely bay—uninviting indeed, the town of Valdivia. Situated some four miles inland, occupying one of the sites of its early namesake destroyed by the indomitable Aracauman Indians, the present town is a wretchedly-built, and worse kept, irregular, straggling city of about eight thousand inhabitants, if we are to count all who have the form of humanity, jabber some barbarous patois and say "*si senor*," for yes sir, though in stricter justice we might perhaps more appropriately class five thousand of these human *things* with one of the inferior orders of vertebrate animals.

Valdivia has nine churches—three of them, pretentious, somewhat imposing structures, both externally and internally, and the city and suburbs support a respectable army corps of Roman Catholic clergy—only very few, I believe, of the clergy are respectable. We had good reasons for coming to such conclusions, as you will perceive directly.

One would argue from an outside view, that with nine churches, and some eighty officiating priests, more or less, the standard of morality, education, religion and civilization ought to be rather above that of the ordinary South American level. But churches of themselves never make mankind better in any country. In South America, priests do not improve either public or private morals by example. Let us sample Valdivia.

The first man we came in contact with upon landing was a priest—a young fellow, bare-headed, in the blue silk mantle of San Jose, carrying the inevitable begging-plate, beastly drunk, and belligerently quarrelsome. Our second difficulty, within fifteen minutes of our landing, was with three priests, all drunker than the first one—more quarrelsome, and obstinately determined that we should not pass into the town without paying an entrance fee of *dos pesos* per head. Finding us resolutely opposed to all highway taxes, however, the inebriate scamps fell, first to a dollar and a half, then a dollar—half a dollar—down to a *real*, at which point the impertinent rascals suddenly *fell* themselves, and we passed on. We had long since learned the shortest cut to a settlement of all such demands—a severe cut with the fist, on the nose, or in the eye.

Not far on, we saw four or five priests—shameless vagabonds, reeling and dancing in their flowing mantles of red, blue, green and yellow, denoting their various churches by their colors; and there they were—these teachers of the way of salvation—drunk, associating with miserable, half-clad, repulsive wantons—roaring out in concert, indecent and bacchanalian songs.

There were certainly exceptions to this beastly rule of immorality among Valdivia's clergy. Several that we met with during our brief stay—instances of priestly sobriety, morality, and Christian piety, that were alike creditable to themselves and the church. But as they were only an exception to a general rule, it is not to be wondered at that five-eighths of Valdivia's human population, occupy a position morally and socially, lamentably near the brute level.

We would remain a week, canvassing, and making the acquaintance of Valdivia, and although we had many and pressing invitations from both foreign and native citizens to take up our quarters on shore, we much preferred our own floating comforts, and determined to make La Esmeralda our hotel.

* The term "West Coast" has become popularized as a proper noun, and ought therefore to be written and printed with capitals.

☞ An Item for the Credulous.—The Memphis (Tenn.) Bulletin has a story to the effect that the body of a man was found lately in Memphis in such a condition as to leave no doubt that he had been murdered. The police, finding no clew, determined on trying photography, and accordingly on the day of the murder, with the aid of a microscope, images left on the retina of the eye of the dead were transferred to paper, and curious facts developed. A pistol, the hand, and part of the face of the man who committed the crime are perfectly delineated.

☞ As Bad as the Hindoos.—A Cairo dispatch reports that an old man in Johnson Co., Ill., was killed by his two children, aged thirteen and fifteen, after which they secretly buried him. The neighbors suspected all was not right, visited the house and questioned the children, when they ascertained they killed him because he was old, sick, and gave great trouble.

☞ It costs half a million dollars a year to keep St. Peter's Church, at Rome, in repair.

☞ A Strange Story.—The Nashville (Tenn.) Banner tells a story of a man who lost his whole family, consisting of six persons, during the late war, all having been sent northward by our military authorities, and never traced further than Nashville. The gentleman is certain that they are somewhere within a circuit of ten miles of that city; according to the editor everybody else believes so; yet a search prolonged over two years had failed to discover them.

☞ It is said that three publishers—an Englishman, an American and a Frenchman—have offered Gustave Dore $80,000 to illustrate a complete edition of the works of Shakespeare. Dore, however, refuses to accept any sum less than $100,000.

☞ The Irish have a saying that a horse will consume the produce of more land than would feed a man, his wife and two children.

strong one, and the fort itself was well constructed and capable, with a full garrison of sustaining a long siege.

It lay in the triangle formed by the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, on the eastern bank of the latter, by which it was well protected. The land side was fortified with bastions built up of great logs to the height of about twelve feet, and filled in with earth and sod firmly rammed, and surrounded by a ditch, with a stockade to support it. Still, with his meagre force, and but eight light cannon to oppose what he supposed would be a heavy siege-train of artillery, the case seemed so utterly hopeless, that he had almost made up his mind to surrender without striking a blow, only stipulating that he should be allowed the honors of war in his capitulation, and had prepared the solitary gun, mounted at the embrasure, loaded, tompion out and the port fire beside it ready to be lighted; an ingenious device which garrisons, when in a very tight place, adopt, to assure the world of the fact that they didn't surrender because they had to, but because they chose to.

Contrecœur had been looking anxiously for reinforcements for which he had sent, in the spring, from Canada, but though there were flaring rumors that a large force was on its way, it had not appeared, and nothing was known, certainly, concerning it, and now, on the eighth of July, the enemy was within a few miles of him, and an attack within a day or two, at farthest, was inevitable.

On the evening of the eighth an Indian scout came in with the information that the army was about to ford the Monongahela.

Knowing that after they had passed the second ford they must pass at one point through a forest along a narrow road, on either side of which was a ravine so shrouded with tangled vines and spreading trees, as to be unnoticed from the road, a young officer, named De Beaujeu, proposed to the commander that he should allow him to prepare an ambuscade, first at the second ford, and endeavor to stop the English as they were crossing, or falling in this to try to cut them off at the point just mentioned.

"Ma foi," said the old commander, shrugging his shoulders with that peculiar significance that none but a born Frenchman can communicate to the motion; "ma foi, mon ami, c'est un peu dangereux; n'est-ce pas? It is to surround them you propose, is it not? And you will bring them all in, prisoners, eh! No, no, my son; if you go out on such an expedition, you and your men will return, never, and I—it must then be that I surrender the fort alone."

De Beaujeu, however, urged his plan so eagerly and was so sanguine as to the result, that finally the commander told him he might try it, provided he could get volunteers for such a mad enterprise.

Taking him at his word, De Beaujeu immediately submitted his plan to the garrison—who, to a man, declared themselves ready to join him.

When he proposed it to the Indians, however, they laughed at him.

"How, my father, are you so bent upon death, that you would also sacrifice us? With our eight hundred men, do you ask us to attack four thousand English? Truly this is not the saying of a wise man."

The Frenchman urged, stormed, gesticulated, pleaded with them, tried to shame them, and wound up by depicting in glowing terms, what an amount of booty, what unlimited whiskey, what a load of scalps would be theirs should they succeed.

These last considerations were so pleasant, in prospect, to the amiable red brethren, that they finally agreed to take the matter to sleep with them, and report their conclusion to him the next morning.

Bright and early, De Beaujeu, with a handful of French, started out and arousing the Indians, asked if they were ready to go with him.

The answer was very promptly and decidedly "No!" But at this moment a runner entered breathlessly, and announced the coming of the enemy.

"Then," said De Beaujeu, "I shall go out myself against the enemy; I am sure of victory! Will you allow your father to go out alone?"

There was a sting in this that roused the Indians, and changing their plan at once, they declared themselves ready to follow him.

To what purpose, will be seen hereafter.

Having now the two opposing bodies, each ready to start to attack the other, I must leave them, for the present, and go back to Mr. Morton, whom I left with his son and son-in-law to be, consulting together as to his future plans, while I went off at a tangent to Alexandria to meet General Braddock.

It was hard to say what was best to be done. Mr. Morton was growing old; and though he had good business habits in a general way, he had not been trained to any particular business and felt very diffident about his capacity to manage anything to which he was not accustomed.

He had inherited his estate in England, and had always lived upon the ample income it afforded, as an independent country gentleman.

He had saved some five or six thousand pounds from the wreck of his fortune, and this was all he had now to depend upon. What was the best disposition he could make of it, was the question.

His first idea had been to buy a tract of land in the interior of the province, and resume his old agricultural life, for which he felt better qualified than for any other.

His son and Sexton, who knew the difficulties attending the execution of this plan, and how little idea he could possibly have of them, did not like it.

They explained to him the enormous labor of first clearing enough land to cultivate, the privations of all the comforts to which he had been accustomed, and, above all, in the unsettled condition of the country, the danger from the Indians.

"But I suppose they won't disturb us, if we treat them well and don't molest them," said Mr. Morton.

"That you cannot rely upon," said Philip; "with some of the tribes, if living in their immediate neighborhood, you might, after they had learned to know and trust you; but what protection would you have against roving bands of hostile Indians, who could know nothing about you, except that you were a stranger and defenseless, and therefore, according to their logic, an enemy?"

"Apart from that danger," said Mr. Morton, "and the labor, is there any other great objection to my plan?"

"Nothing very serious, that I see," answered Philip; "it would take but a small portion of your capital to purchase as much of what would be admirable soil after it was cleared, as you would need, and by putting the balance out at interest, which you can easily do, you might realize income enough in cash to purchase whatever might be necessary from time to time, and hire all the labor you could get."

"That would be about the most troublesome part of the business," said Sexton; "there is no class of persons here who make service a business as at home, and you would have to depend upon such chance assistance as you could get from any one who might have nothing particular on hand for a few days and have no objection to making a little ready change. In this new country the servant is as his master, or a little more so. He will work for you to the best of his ability provided you work with him, and rarely him, but you don't think yourself any better than he is, or perhaps not quite so good, as he will be very apt to consider himself as rather your benefactor than otherwise."

Mr. Morton looked puzzled.

"You will have to reconcile yourself," continued Sexton, "to having your servants, male and female, to consider themselves on a perfect social equality with yourselves, eating, sitting, talking, working with, not *for*, the family as an integral part of it, and liable at any moment, on account of some fancied slight, or for any whim at all, to show their independence by walking off without warning, leaving the plough in the furrow, the tree half cut down, and the dinner plates half washed."

"Hardly so bad as that, Sexton," said Philip with a smile; "at the worst, they will always have Uncle Mose, who is tired of the woods, and will stay by them to the last; I doubt whether even his affection for me would draw him again among the Indians, much less among the 'spooks an' kyatimounts' of which he has such a dread, and of which, notwithstanding his experience, he still devoutly believes the woods to be full. At present, however, the plan is out of the question. I know the danger and the impossibility of guarding against it, too well to consent that any such risk should be run."

"But, my son," said Mr. Morton, who still clung to the idea of real estate, "are you sure you don't overrate the danger from the Indians. They certainly won't be disposed to injure those who have never injured them."

"Father," said Philip, gravely, "this feeling that is growing stronger and stronger every year in the minds of the Indians, is not against individuals; it is a war of races; and sooner or later, it will become one of extermination. At present the savages are divided between us and the French, not from any love to or trust in either of us, but simply to help us exterminate each other and repossess the land themselves. Judge for yourself, if they will be likely to inquire whether you in particular mean to injure them.

"Leave the matter at least until we see the result of the present expedition.

"For the present I have a considerable sum in the hands of my agent here, for which I have no earthly use, except to place it at your disposal."

"And I have rather more than Phil in the same hands, sir," said Sexton, "of which I should be glad to make the same disposition, don't refuse, I beg of you, sir," he added, as Mr. Morton attempted to speak, "you may consider it a loan if you prefer to; we will not differ about names."

"But, my dear sir—"

"I assure you, sir," interrupted Sexton, "it will be no deprivation to either of us; we need but little money in the forest, for we can easily procure all we want without it; do not grieve us by refusing."

"Well, as you seem determined," said Mr. Morton, "and, as you undoubtedly know best, I will do as you say, understanding that whatever money I may have to use shall be considered as a loan to be repaid as soon as I may be able. But you speak of the forest; you don't surely intend to go back."

"Yes, sir," said Philip, "our plan is to join the expedition somewhere on the route and see the end of it, though I am afraid, from all I can hear of the general, that the end will be disaster."

"Why so?"

"Because he undervalues his enemy through ignorance, and refuses to be enlightened by those who are wiser than himself."

"And do you expect to instruct him?" inquired Mr. Morton, rather frosty.

"I fear not," said Philip, in the same grave tone in which he had spoken all along; "young woodman as I am, I could teach him a good deal that would be of use to him in the work before him; but I don't hope anything from that; I only hope, with the assistance I may get at Harris', to be of some use in the closing scene."

The next morning when the determination of the young men was announced, it was received with dismay. Mrs. Morton said little, for she was not fond of demonstrative grief, and was afraid to trust herself to speak. Ellen sobbed away heartily at both the men for leaving their civilized friends as soon as they had found them, for no better reason than to kill people who would never disturb them if let alone."

"But, sis," argued Philip, "these are the enemies of the King, who have invaded his territory; they must be driven out."

"Brother mine," said Ellen, "if it was a question of Quakers who were going out, I doubt whether you would see your way so clear to join them; there would be no fighting to be done then; if you will go, however, I suppose Walter had better go with you to keep you from running into any more mischief than is actually necessary.

"I doubt whether Carrie thinks so," said Philip, "look at the poor child; it is a shame to carry him off from her after so long an absence," he added, going over to the window by which Carrie, her eyes red with weeping, sat beside her lover. "Walt, I really don't see any particular use in your going with me; you're a non-combatant, you know, in virtue of your profession."

"If you and all the rest were non-combatants too," said Sexton, "I might as well stay; but if you should be hurt, I should be sorry to trust you in your own clumsy hands, though you did extemporize a very respectable tourniquet for your protégé Wild Cat, last fall. No, no; you can't get along without somebody to take care of you, and I'm the proper person. Don't you think so, Carrie?"

"I wish you would both stay away from this dreadful fighting," said Carrie sadly. "I don't see any use in your going. I thought we were going to be so happy again all together, and now it's all to be destroyed again," and the poor girl, who had been keeping back the tears as well as she could, broke down again.

"I suppose it is your duty to go, boys," said Mr. Morton, "if you think so; I can't say it is not, though I would much rather have you here; cheer up, mother, and you, pussy; everybody that goes into battle don't get killed; Phil is an evidence of that; according to the best calculations, it takes, on the average, ten thousand bullets to kill one man,"—"not when they come from Indian rifles," muttered Philip, but not loud enough to be heard—"so that they have just that many chances apiece of coming back again."

There was a good deal more conversation to the same purport, during the few days that Philip and his friend remained at home. The family gradually became reconciled to the plan, and bade them good bye with apparent composure, though their pillows that night told a different tale.

CHAPTER XVII.

On the fine June evening when Philip and his companion reached the settlement at Harris's block-house, the blessed stillness of the summer twilight was undergoing sharp torture at the hands, or rather the throat of Sally Lightfoot, Tom's "buster" of a wife, who, in the phrase of the boy Frank, was making her unfortunate husband "stand round."

Tom, who was used to these little breezes, "stood 'round" very quietly and coolly, apparently taking very little notice of the volley of epithets flying about his head, but working away at a wagon, the axles of which he was greasing, acknowledging by a grunt, now and then, some remark a little stronger and more personal than usual, but otherwise, to all appearance, undisturbed.

At last, having finished his work, he turned to his wife, and with the most innocent air imaginable, as though the idea had just occurred to him that somebody was saying something, he said,

"Well, Sally, did you speak to me? I thought I heard your voice; what's it all about?"

"Speak to you, you onsanctified knave!" gasped Sally, utterly dumbfounded by this impudence, "hain't I been screamin' myself hoarse at you this half hour?"

"I thought it was the wind," said Tom demurely.

"Screamin' at you this hour, I say, an' you took no more notice of your poor, lawful wife—now, see here, Tom Lightfoot, I ain't goin' to lay down an' let you wipe your feet on me quite; that's just the way with all men; he mek an' gentle with 'em an' they'll never see what a blessin' it is to have a good wife,—everybody knows what a wife I've been to you, you sorly ungrateful, and that you're such a brute I hardly ever dare to speak above my breath."

"It would be hard for anything lower 'n a hurricane to git much above it," muttered Tom, aside to me; "but what's the matter, Sally?" he added in a louder tone, "never mind about the good wife; everybody ought to know that by this time, for you as *whispered* it loud enough to be heard across the river, about eleven times a week for the last three years; what's the particular harm this time?"

"Tom Lightfoot, you're the most aggravatin', stupid brute ever a misfortunate woman was tied to; I've a good mind to lay this broomstick over your skull an' see if I can't beat some life into your butter brains."

"Don't, Sally, please," said Tom in the same cool way, "you mout split the broom, an' that 'd be a pity, seein' it's the best one you've got." And the imperturbable Tom began to whistle, as he leaned carelessly against the hind wheel of the wagon.

"Do stop that whistlin', if you don't want to drive me crazy."

"Reckon I'd have to drive you backwards to git there," muttered Tom; "you got part that tavern a good while back."

"Here, you've been goin' an' promisin' to leave your poor, lawful wife, that's slavin' herself to death for your comfort, and 'tearin' all your bollyraggin' without givin' a cross word back,—goin' to take the team an' jine them red-coated robbers that's goin' to drive out the French at the big forks. Goodness knows, I don't see any more right one's got to it than the other; they both stealed it from the Injins, anyhow. We'll 'tend to the cow an' milk her, an' split the wood an' bring it in, an' make the fire, an' fill the kettle, an' turn the churn handle, an' take care of the baby, an' rock the cradle, an' carry her at night when the poor little innocent's got the colic, an' fetch the water, an' feed the pigs, an' shear the sheep, an' peel the potatoes for dinner, an' grind the coffee, an' turn the big wheel, an'—"

"Most out o' breath, Sally?" said the unfluttered Tom, as the injured woman fairly gave out; "you've got a wonderful long tongue o' your own, now. I'll tell you what, I'm agoin' tomorrow mornin' with the team an' a load o' supplies to the expedition. I can git a good price for the load, and a pound a day besides. You'll git along well enough; you've told me many a time I wasn't no more use 'n a stick about house anyhow, so you won't miss me. Besides, I want to git out o' hearin' o' that tongue o' yours for a little while, an' try a little Injun fightin' for a spell for the sake o' peace an' quiet. Frank can stay at home an' do up the chores just as well as me."

Tom spoke the latter part of his answer in a cold, stern tone, very different from that he had used in the rest of the conversation; it was so unlike anything she had ever heard from him before, that the woman was partially cowed by it, and answered a good deal less shrewishly than before.

"But, Tom, you know I can't do anything with that scapegrace; it'll take all my time chasin' him up through the woods, an' he won't mind a word I say when I ketch him."

"You'll have to try it, Sally," said her husband in the same tone as before; "I've made up my mind; if you treat him better 'n you've treated me, he'll do well enough; if I never git back, you'll be rid of a useless stick that you say's always 'round in your way; I've tried to be a good husband to you, Sally," he added, his manner softening a little, "but you wouldn't let me; mebbe' I did or said ever seemed to please you; you thought I was hard an' unfeelin' 'cause I didn't seem to keer for it, but I warn't at first, an' I ain't now; all the crowd an' bitter things you've said to me since we was married have rankled an' burnt into my heart like fire, an' my life's got to be such a torment that I believe I'd rather be kilt than go through another three years like the last."

He spoke sadly and mournfully.

"You that's the way," she began, with something of her old shrewish tone, "as soon's I begin to take my own part a little, it's all my—oh! Tom, *dear* Tom," she exclaimed suddenly, dropping from one hand the broom, and from the other the duster, and throwing her arms around his neck and bursting into tears, "don't talk that way; it is my fault; I know it is; I've got such an awful temper; but I'll try to do better, Tom, indeed I will. Won't you stay at home an' help me?"

Her voice was broken by sobs as she spoke.

Tom was utterly taken aback, dumbfounded by this unexpected display of feeling. He had settled down into the conviction, a good while before, that if his wife had ever felt any affection for him it had long since disappeared; and he thought that his own for her, and it had been deep and strong, was entirely destroyed by the searing process it had undergone.

He saw, now, how much he had been mistaken; for the old feeling, the recollection of former days came back upon him with all their early freshness, and he stood there, with his arm around the form that was clinging to him, blinking his eyes to keep an unwonted moisture from overflowing them, a happier man than he had been for many a long day.

Oh, wives, wives! Lady in silk and jewels, or lady in homespun, with toil browned hands—(for ladyhood is character, not position)—if you would learn to tame your refractory husband as Rarey tames a refractory horse! if you know how kindness and patience and gentleness sink into his heart, and what power they have to soften his harder nature and make it what it should be—and how harsh words and reproaches and fault-finding will wither away his affection, and gradually case all his better nature—*if* he have one strong enough to be worth a woman's love—in a steel mail that will give forth sparks when struck, but no warmth, you would save yourself many an unhappy hour.

Must he never be told of his faults, did you say? You are his wife, lady; who made you his censor? He has faults enough; all men have; and what is more he knows it, and what they are a great deal better than you can tell him. Let him find you on his side, sustaining him in the battle with them, not on their side, marshalling them against him.

Your being blind to their existence will not make him so; but your forbearance will do more to make their deformity manifest to him than any dragging of them to light and parading of them before him will do.

There is a wild beast element in man's nature, which, though it will nestle and purr contentedly to the light touch of a caressing hand, will spring up with bristling mane and bared teeth at the touch of the whip.

I do not say it ought to be so, but you have to deal with the animal as he is until you can soften him into what he ought to be. The loss of his wife's love may harden a man's heart and drive him into a life of reckless wickedness; the loss of her husband's love may do the same bad office for the wife, but she is far more likely to break her heart over it and die.

Sally Lightfoot's repentance came too late to alter her husband's plans, for he had engaged to furnish the team and drive it, but he left home, the next morning, with a good deal more reluctance, and with a good deal more desire to come back than he had expected to feel twenty-four hours before.

Philip and Sexton knew nothing of this change, however; they had heard the firing in the early part of the battle, and had taken refuge in the block house for fear they might come in for a share in the conflict, for Sally, when she opened her batteries was wont to ply them, with very little discrimination, on all and sundry within reach.

I need hardly say that they were warmly welcomed by Colonel Wharton, who had sorely missed the only two men he had seen for months, whose education, tastes, habits, breeding were similar to his own.

The old bachelor, while he did his duty faithfully, had no especial love for it, and had rather envied his young companions their trip to Philadelphia.

"Well, boys," he said, as he shook hands with them, "welcome back to the block; if it were not selfish, I would say, I wish we could have exchanged places. How you must have enjoyed yourselves, even with so short a taste of intelligent society, with access to newspapers and books—charming women to talk to and fall in love with, eh? How is it, doctor, did you and Morton make any conquests among the fair dames in the city? You're both good looking fellows, young, and can each show a good leg on the floor; how is it, eh?"

"We have had no time to make a list of the conquests," answered Sexton; "I suppose we must have made several, but they neglected to report themselves to us, so that we had to come away without offering them any consolation—"

"You spoke of books and newspapers, colonel," interrupted Philip; "I have brought you a new novel called Sir Charles Grandison, by a Mr Richardson, which has made quite a noise in England, some newspapers which my father brought over with him, and two or three numbers of the Germantown Gazette, giving some account of the movements of the army."

"Thank you Morton, thank you," said the colonel; "it was kind of you to think of the old man, when you had so much else to think of."

"I didn't forget you, either, colonel," said Sexton, opening his portmanteau and drawing forth a handsome German pipe, and a large pouch of tobacco; "see there! Now confess that I've come nearer your heart than Phil."

"I'll confess no such thing," said the commandant; "you're both whole-souled fellows, and I'm greatly obliged to both of you. I'll say this, however—that I'll read with all the more relish from having a pipe filled with tobacco, instead of a hickory stick, which is rather a make-believe substitute, at best, to help me. But what are your plans? Are you going to stay through the summer and help me fight off the blue-devils, or are you going to join this blundering expedition of Braddock's?"

"We intend to join it, if possible, just before the attack," said Morton; "I come this way, partly to leave the matters I mentioned, in order that you might have something to remain life on in our absence; and partly to get Eli Flint to go with us."

"Hallo! Eli," said the colonel, "by George! my boy, I don't know whether I can spare him; Adam Gordon has taken his fortunes off to the army, and Eli is the only good hunter I have for the garrison."

"Oh, yes!" said Morton, laughing, "I must have Eli; he can be of more use there than here; for I tell you, colonel, there's going to be ugly work before this campaign is ended; you have some good hunters in the garrison; there's Robinson and Thwaite, both of them good shots and good woodsmen."

"Well, yes; I suppose they might do," said the colonel, musingly; "you can talk to Eli about the matter, when he comes in to-morrow morning."

"I see," said Sexton, "that Sally Lightfoot's temper hasn't improved materially during our absence. I heard her screeching at poor Tom as we came past their cabin awhile ago, in her most mellifluous tones."

"Deuce take the woman," said the commandant, shrugging his shoulders, "what a voice she has! If you'll only take her with you, instead of Eli, you'll have a vote of thanks from the whole settlement. I won't urge it though, for you would die of her on the way, and I don't want to have anybody's death, by slow torture, on my conscience."

"She hasn't killed Tom, yet."

"Oh, *he's* case-hardened; it was his only safety, poor fellow; besides, I don't think he's troubled with nerves; I wish *I* wasn't, and then I shouldn't mind her; but I shall die of her some day, I know I shall. Would you believe it, the virago actually attacked *me* one day; actually made her way into the Block, and began one of her tirades, right before the men when they were drawn up in evening parade, against the peace and dignity of his Majesty's Province, and in utter subversion of all military discipline."

"What was it for?" asked Sexton, laughing; "what had you been doing to draw her wrath upon you?"

"Why, nothing at all," said the colonel; "I only gave her husband three or four days' employment about the works, just out of pity, to get him away from her clatter for so long."

"What did she say?" inquired Morton.

"Bless my soul, my dear fellow," said the colonel, raising his hands deprecatingly, and shaking his head, "I can't tell you. Did you ever understand what a hurricane said, when it was howling through the trees? I didn't give her time to say much, though; I was frightened nearly to death when she began, and nothing but a sense of duty to the King sustained me, for you see, if I had quailed in presence of the men, even before such attack as that, I should have lost all command of them. I don't know though, whether I shouldn't have been lost, if it hadn't been for her husband."

"What did he do?"

"Why, he was standing near me, and when she turned her fire upon him, which you may suppose she was not long in doing, he just turned his back on her and began to whistle. I took the hint, and made a sign to the drummer, and he began a regular tattoo aided by the fife and bugler, and the three made such a hideous racket, that they overpowered even her.

At a quiet sign from me they advanced towards her, and then the drummer in front and the fife and bugle one at each ear, they pressed her gradually back towards the gate, and finally fairly rattled and blew her out through it. I was so rejoiced that I gave them each half-crown and an extra glass of grog for their gallantry."

"How did Tom take that?" asked Morton.

"That's the queerest part of all; the fellow actually got sulky about it, and said it was no way to treat a woman, and told me if his wife was to be abused in his presence, I might get whoever would to work for me, for he'd be d—d if he'd do another stroke; and away he strode after her. Did you ever hear of such ingratitude? After what I had suffered, from pure kindness to him, too. And then, the idea of calling such a she-devil a woman!"

"Well, colonel," said Sexton, "if you'll allow me to express a candid opinion, it served you right. What business had an old bachelor like you, to meddle between man and wife? Don't you know that they are always like a pair of shears, and that everything that goes between them is sure to get nipped?"

"I believe you're right, doctor," said the commandant, ingenuously, "but it all grew out of my confounded benevolence of character. I never could see a dog with a kettle at his tail without trying to separate them. But it has taught me a lesson, and I'll be hanged if I ever try to be benevolent again."

"I wouldn't advise you to—in that way," said Sexton, drily.

"I don't intend to, I assure you," answered the colonel in the same tone; "but come in to supper; and then we'll wash the taste of Sally out of our mouths with some prime whiskey, and try a whiff at your tobacco; I want to give the new pipe a warming."

When Morton arose the next morning he found Eli already returned.

The old man was delighted to see his pupil again; for he had been afraid that when he once got back to the "settlements," where the trees were all cut down and people didn't know how to shoot, that he would be seduced from his allegiance to the free woods and the rifle, and never come back.

"I'm right glad to see you agin, Master Philip," he said, "an' the doctor, too, though he don't know much about handlin' a rifle; if he'd only come out with us, we'd soon larn him, though, wouldn't we?"

"Perhaps so," said Philip, "but the doctor's business is to cure shot holes, not to make them, Eli; every man to his trade."

He then explained to Eli his plans, which met with the latter's hearty concurrence.

It was arranged that they should start after another week, which Eli intended to occupy in hunting in order to leave a good supply of meat for the garrison during his absence.

At the expiration of the time they set out, Eli and Philip and Sexton together.

At the close of the first day of their journey, when they halted for the night, Eli began building a fire.

"Isn't that dangerous, Eli?" said Morton.

"No, there hain't none o' the Injins about here now," said Eli; "they're all hangin' about the troops to try what they can steal; no danger o' the varmints here."

Somewhere about midnight, Morton, who had learned to sleep lightly was awakened by the cracking of a twig near him. Glancing around cautiously, he saw that Eli was awake also, and already had his hand upon the lock of his rifle.

"Sh!" he whispered, "lay still; I reckon it's mebbe' but a wolf, but we'll soon see."

They now distinctly heard footsteps approaching cautiously, and in a moment more could distinguish the shadowy form of a human being moving from tree to tree. As it made a dart to the shelter of a large tree within thirty or forty feet of them, both men sprang to their feet and brought their rifles to bear upon the half concealed object.

"Halloa, there! don't shoot," called out a childish voice. "Crickets! don't you know me, Eli?"

"I b'lieve in my soul it's that cute-twisted

little Weasel," said Eli, disengaging his finger from the trigger, but still keeping the muzzle in place.

"Come in, boy," said Morton, who had instantly recognized the voice, "come in, and let us know why you have dogged us."

The boy stepped at once into the light of the fire, his old face and sharp black eyes contrasting curiously with the slight childish frame, wiry though it was.

"Now," said Philip, kindly, "what has brought you here, so late at night, and so far from home, my lad?"

"I've ben a-trailin' you all day," said the boy; "I heered you was a-goin' to fight the Injins, an' I wanted to see the fun. I knowed you wouldn't let me go if I asked you at first, but you won't send me back now, will you?"

"It is too far for you to go back alone," said Eli, "an' I reckon you'll have to come with us; you're got to begin sometime, an' it mout as well be now. What do you say, Master Philip, shall we take him?"

"If *you* are satisfied," said Philip; "what do you say, Sexton?"

"Of course," said Sexton, yawning. And so Frank Lightfoot entered ... his first campaign.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1866.

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While we have sent a number of Sewing Machines to the getters-up of Clubs, that number has been ridiculously small, compared to what it ought to be.

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Certainly, nearly any one can raise a Club of twenty or thirty subscribers to THE POST and LADY'S FRIEND, when the reward is to be a Sewing Machine worth FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

At least, TRY IT.

FIRE.

Owing to a fire early on Monday morning, which destroyed about half the edition of THE POST, and mussed matters generally, our issue has been necessarily delayed this week.

As said fire also destroyed about 15,000 copies of the LADY'S FRIEND, besides doing other damage, the subscribers to that periodical will please exercise a little patience if the June number should be a little later in coming than usual.

NOTICE.

Mrs. Bella Z. Spencer has parted with her interest in the Saturday Evening Post.

The paper will still be published under the firm of Henry Peterson & Co.

Notwithstanding her absence from Philadelphia, Mrs. Spencer hopes to be able to contribute frequently to the columns of THE POST, and thus keep up the connection between herself and its readers.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

We have received the following—dated April 29th:—

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Gentlemen:—I received, April 29th, the Sewing Machine you sent me as a premium for 30 subscribers for the Saturday Evening Post and Lady's Friend. It is a tip-top machine. No humbug that. I thank you for it, and also the 30 subscribers that helped me get the machine.

Neenah, Wisconsin. MRS. S. D. SPEARS.

ONE OF OUR OLD SUBSCRIBERS.—Mr. N. R. Nye, of Pomeroy, Ohio, in sending on his subscription, writes that he has been taking and paying for THE POST now for *thirty-three* years—the paper being sent to one office all the time! We think that a flattering testimonial to the value of the paper.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE GOLD BRICK. By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Mrs. Stephens's new novel possesses a rare merit in these days of hackneyed plots, in its startling originality. The story is one of absorbing interest, and is full of those wonderful word pictures for which this authoress is so celebrated. Description under her pen takes the beauty of painting. The tale is full of startling contrasts; the scene varies from St. Domingo in the horror of its insurrection to the quiet of New England, and the characters drawn with a master hand, very as much in their individuality. Rarely to be met in fiction is a character more beautiful than that of Katherine Allen; and the patriarch, Thrasher, with his holy purity of life, is finely contrasted with his sin-stained son. The book will well repay an attentive perusal.

IN TRUST; OR, DR. BERTRAND'S HOUSEHOLD. By AMANDA M. DOUGLASS. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia.

NEW BOOK OF FLOWERS. By JOSEPH BRECK. Newly Electrotyped and Illustrated. Published by Orange Judd & Co., New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE MASQUERADE AND OTHER POEMS. By JOHN GODFREY SAXE. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia.

THE MINIATURE FRUIT GARDEN; OR, THE CULTURE OF PYRAMIDAL AND BUSH FRUIT TREES. By THOMAS RIVERS. First American from the Thirteenth English Edition. Published by Orange Judd & Co., New York.

HALL'S GUIDE TO THE GREAT WEST. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. An useful work to those who are going West—or wish to know a little about the new territories.

JOSEPH GRIMALDI. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

DOCTOR KEMP. The Story of a Life with a Blemish. Published by The American News Company, New York.

THE NAVAL LIEUTENANT. A Novel. By F. C. ARMSTRONG, author of "The Two Midshipmen," &c. Published by The American News Company, New York.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for May. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

A MESSAGE FROM THE BORDER LAND. A little Tract which will be sent free of charge to any Sunday-school Superintendent. Published by J. C. Garrigues & Co., Philadelphia.

BIERSTADT'S LAST WORK.

"A Storm in the Rocky Mountains."

The readers of THE POST will doubtless remember Mr. Bierstadt's first large painting, "The Rocky Mountains," which was exhibited in the Art Gallery of the Sanitary Fair. The prominent place assigned to it, opposite the entrance, indicated the high appreciation of the Art committee; an appreciation which the lingering crowd of visitors fully endorsed.

This industrious artist has since finished two grand works: "Mt. Hood in Oregon," and the one whose name heads this article. The latter is now exhibited in a room, fitted up expressly for the purpose, at the Art Gallery of Wenderoth, Taylor & Brown, 914 Chestnut St. The proceeds of this exhibition are entirely devoted to the "Lincoln Institution" for the Orphans of Soldiers and Sailors.

We cannot attempt a minute description of this painting; but we must notice three or four features which will attract every observer, after the eye has feasted on the *tout ensemble* of clouds, mountains, plains, lakes, cascades, and hills.

In the centre of the picture rises a mass of granite, perhaps a thousand feet or more, though you cannot tell how high, for the top is lost in clouds. Why is it that every one is first attracted to that hard grey mountain? Its front, scarred and seamed by the mysterious agencies that attended a world's formation, has nothing of the beauty that wooes the eye in the foreground. It is nothing but a hoar and weather-beaten rock, whose scant patches of lichens only serve to illustrate its stony barrenness. But it would seem that here the artist gloried in compelling an acknowledgment of his power by gaining a triumph with the simplest elements of effect. True, it is nothing but rock, but it is rock; and as the sun lights up the venerable mass, in striking contrast with the black, advancing thunder cloud rolling and tumbling over its summit, you feel that you are in a majestic presence; and you understand why the spectators around you, moved with a like impression, have hushed their voices to a whisper.

In the right foreground is a little pool, of which you may almost see the whole mossy bottom, so pure are its waters, gathered from that little mountain spring which leaps into it in a tiny cascade. It is impossible in few words to do justice to the beauty of this cool, quiet nook, relieving the eye by contrast with the light in the centre of the picture. If you are a botanist, come near and tell us the names of these grasses and flowers around the edge of this crystal lake, for you can trace their very veins and count their petals; aye, and their stamens and pistils for aught we know; and this in a painting of such general boldness that a distance of forty feet is the proper point from which to obtain its best effect. Ye artists who scorn such "carefulness," and throw on your colors with big brushes and long handles, draw nigh, and learn that minuteness in detail is not incompatible with grandeur in whole.

And what of the clouds? It is a very common experience that an artist otherwise meritorious shrouds his reputation in his clouds. Who has not seen a fine landscape under a dire canopy of base material, that might be cotton or wool or clay banks, or paint—forgive us—or anything but what it purports to be? But Bierstadt's clouds are spirits of the air; turbulent, threatening spirits in this case, born of the unseen forces wherewith tempests are wrought. Yet a glance at the peaceful valley over which myriads of such storms have swept, and left no enduring trace of evil, reminds one of the higher dominion of Him who "holds the winds in His fist," and under whom those are ministers; "hail and snow, fire and vapor, fulfilling His word."

Notwithstanding the beauties of this wonderful picture, we could not of course hold up our head among critics unless we complained of something. When we order a painting from Mr. Bierstadt at the magnificent price of $25,000, which he received for this—none too much, by the way—we shall beg that the sublimities of Nature be not interfered with by the introduction into the foreground of such an exciting spectacle as a pair of runaway horses. To our poor mind they grate terribly on the unities, even though they be chased by wild Indians. Would that those horses, especially that white one, had been caught and tied up before the artist made his sketch. There is a bear in the picture, who exercises considerable discretion, for he keeps well out of view. We will not tell where he is, so that the reader may enjoy a hunt.

It may interest some persons to know that Mr. Bierstadt is what persons in middle life would call quite a young man.

In spite of his German name he is an American. Singularly modest, he wins the affection of all who know him. May he long have the enjoyment of all the rewards to which his talents and character entitle him; and live to paint many more pictures! T.

Active Police.

An amusing story is now going the round of the Paris clubs. It appears that a short time ago a foreign prince made a heavy bet that he would be arrested by the police without committing any offence whatever, or in any way provoking the authorities. The bet having been taken by a member of the Imperial Club, the prince went to one of the most aristocratic cafes in Paris, dressed in a battered hat, a ragged blouse, and boots all in holes, and, sitting down at one of the tables, ordered a cup of coffee. The waiters, however, paid no attention to so suspicious-looking a customer; upon which the prince put his hand in his pocket and showed them a bundle of bank-notes. The proprietor then ordered the coffee to be served, sending meanwhile to the nearest police-station for a sergent-de-ville. The prince was duly arrested and taken to the commissary of police, where he stated who he was, and was afterwards taken to the gentleman with whom he made the bet to prove his identity. A similar story was told at Vienna, some time ago, of a Hungarian Prince Saandar, M. de Metternich's son-in-law, who, in order to make his arrest quite sure, took the bank-notes out of his boots.

A REMARKABLE STORY.—A writer in Blackwood's Magazine, who professes to have been a Confederate officer, tells a story which sounds somewhat Munchausenish, about a rebel soldier who fell by his side. A Yankee bullet had struck him in the middle of the forehead, and he was regarded as killed outright, but to his surprise, he found him a few hours later fighting again. The writer of the article accounts for this in these words: According to the surgeon's statement, the ball, striking obliquely, had glanced, passing between cuticle and skull all *round the head emerging from the very place it had first entered!*

POCKET PICKING A REGULAR TRADE IN BOSTON.—The Boston *Journal* remarks that few persons except the victims know to what extent pocket-picking is carried on in that city. It has become a regular branch of business, and there are a large number of persons who depend upon it for their living. They not only infest depots, places of amusement and rail-cars, but are continually prowling about the large dry goods stores. The police find empty wallets by dozens which have been thrown over fences or behind old buildings. Fifteen were found by an officer a few mornings ago in one place.

☞ The story told of an editor in the goodly city of Louisville isn't bad. In coming home he was met at Cincinnati by one or two persistent newsboys, screaming in his ears, "Here's your Louisville *Democrat*, *Journal*, and *Courier*—take a paper, sir! take a paper!" until they annoyed him, and he said, "Go away! I make them things!" meaning the newspapers. "Come along, Bill!" shouted the impertinent newsboy, at the top of his voice, to his companion, "*that's the reason we can't sell 'em!*"

☞ A farmer in Susquehanna county, recently had a suit brought against him for eight days service in the hay-field, by a young man who voluntarily assisted the old man's daughter in raking hay as a convenient chance for sparking. The lass having discarded him and married another, the swain claimed wages of the old gentleman.

☞ Women were flogged in Jamaica with "wire cats"—the ordinary cat-o'-nine-tails with No. 18 brass wire twisted among the strands. England is the "guardian of civilization."

☞ A gentleman in Omaha advertises for a "first-rate, tip-top, A No. 1 housemaid," and adds the suggestive statement that "all the piano-playing, fine needle work, visiting, and entertaining company, will be done by the lady of the house."

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

DONE WITH CHILOE—ROCK ENDS—PACIFIC SLOPE—ALL AFLOAT—BOUND NORTH—BEAUTIFUL BAY—VALDIVIA—MORAL STATUS—IMMORAL CLERGY.

We had done Chiloe, as thoroughly as it was possible to do such an island and such inhabitants in three months, and Chiloe, with its uncongenial climate, uncouth customs, and utter barrenness of all natural objects of interest, unless we took to the water to find them, had *done* us quite as effectually; and disgusted with the majority of our island experiences, we were going to celebrate the occasion of our departure as a high carnival.

It is true, we had made native, island friends, that we should bid *adios* with regret; besides we could have spent a life-time pleasantly with our ex-whale killers and their interesting families, and if they could have had their way we should every soul of us have remained domiciled at Valverde the remainder of our natural lives.

But we remembered always that we were wandering Bohemians, having before us thousands of miles of the Pacific slope, and something of the Pacific itself to traverse, and so we were ever restless, and impatient of inactivity. Cator contended stoutly that we were as legitimately Ishmaelites as ever vagabond men and women were anything.

There was a superb ship at our service, to go where we would with, and so after laying in live stock and dead stock, pigs, poultry, vegetables, and whatever Chiloe afforded in the way of sea stores, in quantities sufficient to have served us in the circumnavigation of the globe, and having sent off our horses in charge of our ten *peon* dependents, guided by two trusty Chilano *guardes*, towards Valparaiso, and celebrated our evacuation day, and having bidden all our island friends farewell, we sailed one bright, beautiful morning from Valverde, and out of the Gulf of Guitecas, and out to sea through the narrow Strait of San Carlos, bound for Valdivia, Concepcion, La Palma, thence off shore to Mas-a-Tierra, or Robinson Crusoe's Island, and its sister land—Mas-a-Fuera. From these Pacific islands we were to go direct to Valparaiso, and then whether we would continue our voyage down the coast, or take the saddle and the *campo* again, would be determined by circumstances.

There is a peculiar economy in the construction of the American Continent that I have never heard discussed, either orally or in print, though the phenomenon has occurred and recurred to me frequently, ever since my first passage round Cape Horn and down along the West Coast,* and my second cruise along the coast of Labrador. Both ends of our Western World, and a considerable distance along both sides towards the tropics present rugged, rocky, iron-bound shores, and all between, with exceptional stretches of course, we have the coast low and comparatively level, and the shores sandy, with shallow water approaches.

Is it because Creative Wisdom foresaw the necessity of protecting the two extremes with granite walls against the rude assaults of these tempestuous regions, as we adopt the patent "copper tips" for our children's shoes?

In the southern hemisphere the wall extends many degrees farther towards the equator than it does at the north; and as on the Pacific side of the land to the northward of Valparaiso, down as far as Callao, there are no storms, and consequently no necessity for this rocky breakwater, one without study or reflection would naturally enough conclude that here nature was at fault. But careful study and investigation of the topography and geographical features of Chile, Bolivia and Peru, ought to convince ordinary common sense that nature has made no mistake in thus extending her sea wall along the West Coast. In earlier ages, when our world was a good many thousand years younger, the great Andean chain—now our continental back-bone—was undoubtedly but a towering crested ridge, rising abruptly from an ocean base, dotted all along its apex with volcanic spout holes, itself but a hollow shell filled with molten fire, burning at an intense heat, and vomiting out vast and continuous volumes of lava, which set to the westward, mainly by the everlasting easterly trade winds, rolled down the rugged steeps in rushing fiery rivers, widening out into lakes, and these joining and cooling; and again overflowed—pushed always further westward, forming at length the vast Pacific Slope, made up of scoria, lava and volcanic ashes, having its water front of vitrified rock, at distances varying from seventy to a hundred and fifty miles from the original base of the Andean Chain.

But for this admirable precaution of nature some unlucky day the mighty Pacific would have beat against and broke in the thin Andean shell, pouring an ocean down upon another sea of pent up fire, and—*Pop—bang*—there would have been an explosion in a wink, blowing our world into infinitesimal atoms like a bomb shell.

Perhaps all this is not particularly pertinent to the question of "South American Civilization;" but I thought it the shortest cut by which to prepare the reader for sea views and shore scenery likely to be met with along the Pacific coast—besides, as the digression occurs during a night run, five leagues off shore, between San Carlos and Valdivia, no time has been thrown away. We could have neither seen or done anything else—don't you see?

Our beautiful bark, La Esmeralda, had excellent cabin accommodations for forty persons, besides captain and officers. At Valverde we had added a deck dining saloon—not especially artistic, but strong and comfortable, with table room for exactly four dozen people; and as by sending off our attaches as we had done, and the leaving behind of seven or eight Chilano irregulars who had joined us temporarily at Santiago, our party was pruned down to twenty-eight, all told, we had cabin, berth, and table room to spare. That was all very pleasant. There is no more annoying fix in this world—no more hateful abomination than to be cooped up, crowded, wedged, jammed together at sea. Afloat, one wants freedom—the largest liberty. It is uncomfortable to be a particle squeezed, even by one's best best friend. On shore you can always shift, edge off, get out, disperse, and command comfort. But cooped up at sea—Bah! There you are, and patience must remain there.

From the curse of crowding we were free, and with our genial, gentlemanly and skillful, "Handsome Harry" as commander and companion, his beautiful, fascinating little Chiloan widow-wife, as chief mate in chiefable, well-bred officers, first-class cooks and steward, an unusually fine crew, and ourselves, all resolutely bent on keeping care of every name and nature always three marine leagues from the ship the promise was that our cruise would be as pleasant as any ever made in the Pacific, or anywhere else.

A day and a night's run along the coast, with smooth sea and fine southerly breeze; and then as the sun arose clear, bright and cloudless over the far-off dim blue crest of the Andes away beyond the country of our Aricanuan friends, the bold, wooded bluff forming the southern headland of the beautiful Bay of Valdivia rose off our starboard bow, its dark green head quietly asleep; only its foliage plumes nodding graceful welcomes as we drew in with the land, passed within half a league of the shore, and swept on into the fairy bay.

That is all there is fairy-like about Valdivia—its magnificent bay and picturesque surroundings. Nature left the scene a terrestrial paradise—the Spaniard and his degenerate descendants have in nothing seconded nature. On the contrary, their occupation has been but an unsightly blot upon the fair face of Nature. Everywhere throughout Spanish South America, and especially in the Pacific republics, the low standard of civilization is at a glance apparent to the civilized North American, or European stranger. In Valdivia it is patent at sight.

A most inviting retreat is the lovely bay—uninviting indeed, the town of Valdivia. Situated some four miles inland, occupying one of the sites of its early namesake destroyed by the indomitable Iracanuan Indians, the present town is a wretchedly-built, and worse kept, irregular, straggling city of about eight thousand inhabitants, if we are to count all who have the form of humanity, jabber some barbarous patois and say "*si senor*," for yes sir, though in stricter justice we might perhaps more appropriately class five thousand of these human *things* with one of the inferior orders of vertebrate animals.

Valdivia has nine churches—three of them, pretentious, somewhat imposing structures, both externally and internally, and the city and suburbs support a respectable army corps of Roman Catholic clergy—only *very few*, I believe, of the clergy are respectable. We had good reasons for coming to such conclusions, as you will perceive directly.

One would argue from an outside view, that with nine churches, and some eighty officiating priests, more or less, the standard of morality, education, religion and civilization ought to be rather above that of the ordinary South American level. But churches of themselves never make mankind better in any country. In South America, priests do not improve either public or private morals by example. Let us sample Valdivia.

The first man we came in contact with upon landing was a priest—a young fellow, bareheaded, in the blue silk mantle of San Jose, carrying the inevitable begging-plate, beastly drunk, and belligerently quarrelsome. Our second difficulty, within fifteen minutes of our landing, was with three priests, all drunker than the first one—more quarrelsome, and obstinately determined that we should not pass into the town without paying an entrance fee of *dos pesos* per head. Finding us resolutely opposed to all highway taxes, however, the inebriate scamps fell, first to a dollar and a half, then a dollar—half a dollar—down to a *rial*, at which point the impertinent rascals suddenly *fell* themselves, and we passed on. We had long since learned the shortest cut to a settlement of all such demands—a severe cut with the fist, on the nose, or in the eye.

Not far on, we saw four or five priests—shameless vagabonds, reeling and dancing in their flowing mantles of red, blue, green and yellow, denoting their various churches by their colors; and there they were—these teachers of the way of salvation—drunk, associating with miserable, half-clad, repulsive wantons—roaring out in concert, indecent, and bacchanalian songs.

There were certainly exceptions to this beastly rule of immorality among Valdivia's clergy. Several that we met with during our brief stay—instances of priestly sobriety, morality, and Christian piety, that were alike creditable to themselves and the church. But as they were only an exception to a general rule, it is not to be wondered at that five-eighths of Valdivia's human population, occupy a position morally and socially, lamentably near the brute level.

We would remain a week, canvassing, and making the acquaintance of Valdivia, and although we had many and pressing invitations from both foreign and native citizens to take up our quarters on shore, we much preferred our own floating comforts, and determined to make La Esmeralda our hotel.

* The term "West Coast" has become popularized as a proper name, and ought therefore to be written and printed with capitals.

☞ AN ITEM FOR THE CREDULOUS.—The Memphis (Tenn.) Bulletin has a story to the effect that the body of a man was found lately in Memphis in such a condition as to leave no doubt that he had been murdered. The police, finding no clew, determined on trying photography, and accordingly on the day of the murder, with the aid of a microscope, images left on the retina of the eye of the dead were transferred to paper, and curious facts developed. A pistol, the hand, and part of the face of the man who committed the crime are perfectly delineated.

☞ AS BAD AS THE HEATHEN.—A Cairo despatch reports that an old man in Johnson Co., Ill., was killed by his two children, aged thirteen and fifteen, after which they secretly buried him. The neighbors suspected all was not right, visited the house and questioned the children, when they ascertained they killed him because he was old, sick, and gave great trouble.

☞ It costs half a million dollars a year to keep St. Peter's Church, at Rome, in repair.

☞ A STRANGE STORY.—The Nashville (Tenn.) Banner tells a story of a man who lost his whole family, consisting of six persons, during the late war, all having been sent northward by our military authorities, and never traced further than Nashville. The gentleman is certain that they are somewhere within a circuit of ten miles of that city; according to the editor everybody else believes so; yet a search prolonged over two years had failed to discover them.

☞ It is said that three publishers—an Englishman, an American and a Frenchman—have offered Gustave Dore $50,000 to illustrate a complete edition of the works of Shakspeare. Dore, however, refuses to accept any sum less than $100,000.

☞ The Irish have a saying that a horse will consume the produce of more land than would feed a man, his wife and two children.

THE OLD RUSTIC PORCH.

How dear unto me was the old rustic porch,
With its ivy and woodbine entwined,
Where the wild roses climbed o'er the old garden wall,
And the jessamine waved in the wind;
Where we first told our love at the twilight hour,
And vowed to be constant and true,
Till the night wore away like a sweet, pleasant dream,
And the pale moon rose to our view!

Oh, well I remember the calm summer nights,
And the bright face that welcomed me there;
Though now she is laid in the church-yard shade,
And hath slept there for many a year.
How we loved to list to the murmuring brook,
And to sit by the green, mossy well,
Nor ever once dreamt that change would come round,
And misfortune would soon break the spell.

I shall never forget the old rustic porch,
Though the bright days have long fleeted by,
Though my hair hath turned gray, and my pulse groweth weak,
And I feel that the end cometh nigh.
'Tis bound to my heart by a thousand fond ties,
And with life it will ever remain,
Till the last sand is run, and the last hour hath gone,
And we meet in the bright land again.

A SECOND WIFE'S STORY.

We had been discussing the question where we should go for the summer—my Aunt Raeburn, handsome and forty—my two young lady cousins, Blanche and Violet—and myself, the orphan daughter of Uncle Raeburn's only sister. It was a strange providence which fixed my abode with those ladies. Don't imagine I am going into melodrama. There was nothing tragic about my life there. I liked them all very fairly well, and they liked me, too, in their way. But their way and my way were wide as the poles asunder. I was not rich, but I had money enough of my own not to be at all dependent upon them; so I did not put their regard to a very severe test. But there was something strange in the very fact of our living together, for none of our tastes were in common, and I could not measure life by their standard.

About even this matter of a summer resort our notions were as wide apart as usual. Blanche wanted to go to Margate for the season. Violet wanted a few weeks of Torquay first. Aunt Raeburn was ready to please them both, and only waited for them to come to an agreement. Out of courtesy they asked for my vote.

Just then the footmen entered with a letter for me. The handwriting was familiar, but I had not seen it for some time. It was from the most intimate friend I had in the world; but we never wrote to each other unless we had something to say. The last time I saw her, I had assisted at her wedding as bridesmaid. She had married a Brighton doctor; and I had given her my blessing, and thrown an old shoe after her for luck, as he took her away. Had their honeymoon lasted two whole years? And was it waning now, that she found time to remember me? I opened the letter with curiosity—I was skeptical about marriage in those days.

No, the honeymoon must be shining still, if praise of Dr. Harrington were any indication. She was enchanted with him, with Brighton, with the life she led there. She had written for me to come and pass the summer with her. I read the letter through, and arrived at my determination and the signature together.

"Girls," said I, "make your arrangements without regard to me. I am going to Brighton. I am going to see Mrs. Harrington—Maria Gray, you know."

"Oh, yes! I remember. She married a country doctor, and buried herself there. Look out that you don't do likewise."

Violet had her way. Those lazy-looking, blue-eyed women, who never argue, always do have their way. They went to Margate first, and were to go to Torquay afterward. As for me, I went to Brighton. A stout, happy-looking, matronly woman, with her face radiating welcome—that was Maria. She took me up to a cool, pleasant chamber, with soft white muslin curtains disputing the entrance of the June sunshine at the windows. Flowers were on the table, flowers in the slender white vase on the mantel, flowers everywhere.

"Be happy, and grow strong here," she said, as she led me in; "and don't think the doctor and I mean to bore you to death, or keep you quite to our two selves. Sir Robert Eden is coming next week."

"And who is he?"

"Don't you know? He is a Sussex baronet, a politician, a man of weight and influence; rich, besides, and in want of a wife. You will find him worth getting acquainted with. He is the doctor's great friend. He doesn't know you are coming, but when he finds you here, I fancy he won't be sorry."

I confess I was honestly pleased at the prospect of such an addition to our resources—heartily glad the visitor was coming. Much as I loved Maria, thoroughly as I liked the doctor, I had no objection to varying the programme by the admission of another person. It even did cross my mind, what if this unknown Sir Robert Eden were to be my fate?

I had been there a week when he came. I confess I was, at first, a little disappointed in him. To be sure, Maria had not described him very fully, but I had pieced out her hints with my own conjectures. I had fancied him a sort of book-hero—graceful and handsome, with the look and gesture of one born to command. He came in, cordial, genial and merry; heartily glad to see the doctor and Maria; but utterly devoid of the halo with which my fancy had surrounded him. He was powerfully built, with broad shoulders, and well knit frame, but not very tall, and, of course, not especially graceful. Neither was he young—thirty five at least. I concluded at once that I was safe enough. I could never be romantic about a thick set, middle-aged man, with a good deal of color. Still, I could be excellent friends with him no doubt. But no wonder that he was not married. Who could imagine that downright, practical, commonplace man talking sentiment?

Before the first evening was over I began, however, to change my estimation of him. Whatever else he was, he certainly was not commonplace. I had seldom heard any one talk so well.

Within the next three weeks I found out that Sir Robert Eden was something more and greater than I had imagined before I saw him. In place of the novel hero of my imagination with his ideal graces, I found the most real man I had ever known—a man capable of greatness, both in thought and action; of conception and of endeavor; capable, also, of long-suffering and patience; of a deep, self-sacrificing tenderness, in which any woman might rest safely the hope and faith of her lifetime. I began to feel as if his love was the only thing in the world worth striving for; and as if I was not half good enough to win it.

One day he told me that it was mine; and suddenly earth and skies seemed dyed anew for me in tints of primeval splendor. I remember—shall I ever be old enough to forget?—how his clear, deep voice sounded on the summer stillness:—"I love you, Agnes. Can you love me?"

I had not one coquettish impulse. I did love him truly, and I told him so. Was there anything in the universe which could have thrilled me like the words in which he thanked and claimed me?

Afterward—it might have been an hour, perhaps—a thought came to me, born of my own jealous, exacting nature. I longed to be assured that he had never loved before. I gave him my first love. Could I be contented with less in return? And yet he was thirty-six years old, he told me. Could he have lived so long without loving? I asked him. A shadow seemed to cross his face—or was it the day which darkened? He bent toward me tenderly, yet with a reproachful look.

"I loved my wife, Agnes. You are not less dear to me than she was—you satisfy me more perfectly, perhaps; but, surely you would not be better pleased were I to confess that I had done another woman the wrong of marrying her without loving her."

I clung to his arm in a sort of desperation. It seemed to me the solid ground was slipping away from beneath my feet. I could not find strength for many words. I only gasped—

"*Your wife!*"

"Yes. Surely you were not in ignorance that I had been married; that I was asking you to take the place to my child, my little Gertrude, of her dead mother? Did not Mrs. Harrington tell you?"

"Never!"

"Then I must try my fortune over again. Are you willing to be my second wife, Gertrude's mother?"

I did not answer him. I broke away from his hold, and paced wildly up and down the garden paths. What should I do? I had always hated second marriages; always believed that no woman could be a good mother to another woman's child. *Could* I undertake it? Should I not be torn with senseless jealousy of the dead? Could I help hating the child that would always call to mind *her* memory, and come between me and my husband's heart? And yet, Heaven pity me! *could* I give him up? What else would be left in life, when he was gone out of it? He might love yet again. Some other woman might be to him all he had asked me to be. That thought conquered me. I went back to him. I know not what my face revealed of pain or conflict.

"Yes, I will be your wife," I cried, passionately. "I love you so well, I have no choice. But if I had known this in the first place, I never should have loved you; and it would have been better for both of us."

"No, I will never believe that, Agnes. It would not have been better. You love me—for my sake, you will love my child. Make her what you are, and I will ask no more."

"No," I said, desperately, "I do not promise to love her. I do not think I can. But I will do my duty toward her. At least, I will try."

"You will succeed," he said, with a fond faith of which I was not worthy. "I am not afraid to trust you."

He stayed there three weeks longer before he went away to make preparations for our wedding—for we were to be married early in September. There was no reason for long waiting. The wedding was to be at Maria's, for I did not want to hurry my aunt and cousins home from their summer campaign. During those three weeks that he stayed with me I was happy—I could not help being, I loved him so well, and trusted him so entirely. Sometimes the thought of other ties that had once bound him stung me, but I tried to banish it. How could I doubt the deep tenderness that looked from his eyes, thrilled in his voice, and dictated every word and deed?

But when he left me for a month, during which time we were both to be busy with the arrangements for our coming marriage, I found it harder to be quite satisfied. One day I asked Maria why she had not told me that Sir Robert Eden was a widower.

"Because I knew I could take no surer way to set you against him," was the reply; "and I had a presentiment that he was just the one made for you."

"You might just as well have had a memory that he had been just the one made for some one else," I answered, tartly.

"But *I* don't think so. The doctor knew him when his first wife was alive; and he says she never suited him as you will. Besides, I think you have no reason to complain of Sir Robert Eden. Remember how noble and how fond he is, and be satisfied; or, for very shame at your ingratitude, be silent."

Soon he came; and, for the time, even my jealous heart was at rest. How could I help believing in such a generous, undoubting love? How could I meet it by distrust or repining?

So we were married. Aunt and Uncle Raeburn, Blanche and Violet, came to attend the ceremony. I did not think the girls would have liked Sir Robert Eden. To my amazement, they admired him. They were incapable of measuring his heights and depths. They did not understand him; but he had an aspect in which they could see something to approve. His deference toward women as women, imparted to his manner a gracious charm more enticing than flattery. You felt that he was superior, and at the same time believed that he thought you so. Then they were by no means insensible to his social advantages. Before they had been with Maria two hours they had extracted from her more than I knew about the extent of his fortune—his splendid country seat and his town mansion—his eloquent speeches in Parliament, &c., &c. They became impressed, thereupon, with a profound sense of his importance, and devoted themselves with assiduity to me as his representative.

I was thoroughly happy when the wedding festivities were over, and he and I drove away together. We were to pass September, and the early part of October, in a bridal tour in France. Through those weeks, for the most part, my heart was at rest. I had my husband all to myself, and was able, for the time, to forget that there were any other claims on him. It was not until the very last night before we went home that I asked him anything about his child. He had not mentioned her all this time; unwilling, I suppose, to force her upon my attention. We were alone in our room just at twilight. My face was in the shadow, and he could not see if any jealous spark kindled my eyes. I tried to speak quietly.

"Where is little Gertrude," I asked, "during all this time that we have been pleasuring?"

"She has been with her aunt, her mother's sister; but we shall find her at home to-morrow. Her nurse will take her there to meet us. I have told her about you, darling, and she is all ready to love you."

The animation in his voice; the glad, eager way in which he spoke of her; his evident assurance that she would win her way to my love, roused the evil demon in my heart. I tried not to show it, however. I could not bear that he should see in me anything unworthy. I turned the conversation adroitly as I could, and fancied that I succeeded in banishing that little waiting girl from her father's thoughts.

It was the middle of the short October afternoon when we came in sight of Eden Hall. The day was perfect. You know how ripe and rich an October day can be; what golden haze swims in the air; how blue the sky is, with the white clouds flecking it here and there, and the soft purple shadows upon the hill-tops. It made Eden Hall glorious. It was a grand old place, with tall and stately trees that looked as if they were centuries old.

A long avenue led up to the house, and then a flight of steps. Midway on these stood a child, alone, in an attitude of bashful grace. A pretty little creature; I fancied she must be like her mother—and the thought hardened my heart against her; very fair, with golden curls, snowy skin, and a pink flush in the cheeks, great blue eyes, bright lips, dimpled neck and arms—as charming a vision of childhood as eye could desire. I had seen everything about her in the moment when the carriage was stopping, and my husband was handing me out. He ran gaily up the steps, and caught the little creature in his arms. He kissed her, whispered something in her ear, then led her to meet me.

"Welcome home, dear Agnes," he said. "Gerty, this is your mamma."

"How oo do, new mamma?" she lisped, in her coaxing, childish way. "Gerty glad to see oo."

She stretched up her little arms, and I bent down, ungraciously enough, and just let her lips touch my cheek, but gave her no kiss, no embrace in return. She seemed disappointed. I did not dare to look at her father. If he noticed it, he made no sign. He drew the child round to his other side, and went up the steps between us. It would be always so, I thought, bitterly. He must be divided. I could never have him all to myself any more. I had had the last of my good days. I felt something fearfully like hatred toward the little innocent four years old creature whose right to him, after all, so much antedated my own. I, not she, was the usurper.

I went sullenly into the splendid home of which Sir Robert Eden had made me mistress. I caught a reflection of my face in one of the full length mirrors. It looked so dark and bitter, it was so shadowed by the evil spirit I was indulging, that I stole a glance at my husband, to see if I could not already read aversion in his eyes. Would he be able to love me at all, I wondered, when I disappointed him so; and then, with the injustice of such a mood, I disliked little Gerty the more, for bringing out the evil that was in me.

On the winter that followed—my first winter at Eden Hall—I do not like to dwell. I wish I could forget how cold and cruel I was to the child of the dead beauty, whose fair face looked down on me from the panel where it hung, between the drawing room windows. I was jealous of that portrait, even—but I dared not ask to have it removed. Sir Robert Eden was not one to sacrifice the dead to the whims of the living. Little Gerty tried her childish best to please me, and make me love her. Poor dear! it was so evident that she had never known coldness or unkindness before. She did not understand it from "new mamma," as she has continued to call me. The very name irritated me. I thought it must constantly remind her father of the other mamma.

In all this I was utterly wretched. I was not of a nature to sin comfortably. I had a conscience, and I could not easily silence it. Try to shut it out as I might, an accusing ghost seemed to haunt me. Often, when I would have kissed my husband, it seemed to me that a phantom face thrust itself between us, and claimed the caress. I grew fearfully nervous, especially toward spring, when I was looking forward to holding a child of my own in my arms, by and by. I used to think, sometimes, what if I should die, and leave the little, helpless thing to the world's mercy, and some one should be hard and cold to it, as I was to Gerty? Yet I would not change. A demon of obstinacy seemed to possess me. I could not love Gerty, and I would not try to make her happy. I persuaded myself it would be hypocrisy.

Through all this time no words can describe the kindness and patience of my husband. This grand patience of his was one of the most splendid elements in his character. It made him sovereign over himself. Bitterly as I knew he was disappointed in me, he never gave utterance to a single reproach. But there was something almost pitiful in his tenderness toward me. I think he knew that I was sinning against my better self, and he had compassion on me.

Why did I, I asked myself one day, why did I, knowing my own disposition, ever venture to marry a widower? I might have been sure how it would be. And now I had wrecked his life as well as my own. It was in the afternoon, I remember, and I watched the March sunshine glittering on tree and statue, and thought how much longer the days were getting, and then how long life was and how weary. I looked round on my beautiful home. I thought of my husband, so tender, so generous, so thoroughly noble, and then I said aloud:

"If I only had him to myself! If it were not for Gertrude! Other children die, but no fear of *her*! I wish she was dead!"

I had never gone so far before, even in thought; and I stopped with a shudder at myself. I almost expected the ghost, which had so long seemed to haunt me, to speak out in the silence, or lay her cold fingers on my lips. I sat still and shivering, but the March sun shone mockingly on. No wind stirred. No voice broke the stillness. I sat a half hour, perhaps—at least, it seemed so long; and then Rosa, Gerty's nurse, appeared, with frightened face, in the doorway.

"Please, my lady, Gerty is very bad in bed, and I don't know what to do. She was taken ill a little while ago, and now she's lying stupid-like, and as cold as ice."

A horrible thought rushed across my bewildered brain. Was this the answer to my wish? Was I a murderess? Should I not be one, unless Heaven would hear my prayers, and save her life. I hurried to the nursery. The child was in a stupor still, but not cold now. She was in a raging fever. She must be saved, I thought, or I should go mad.

"Send James for Dr. Bartlett, instantly," I cried, "Where is Sir Robert?"

"Gone into the village, my lady."

"Well, tell him to get the doctor first, and then try and find Sir Robert."

I know not how long it was before Dr. Bartlett came. I took no note of time, sitting with that little, burning hand between my fingers. He examined her, inquired who had been with her when she was taken, and then asked Rosa a few questions. Then he turned to me:

"It appears to be scarlet fever, Lady Eden. All the symptoms are like it, and it is very prevalent just now."

He left some medicine, and gave me minute directions for her treatment, and then went away, promising to come again in the evening.

I was sitting by her alone, when her father came home. He had met Dr. Bartlett on the way, and knew the worst. He made no ado, but the tearless anguish which whitened his face struck to my heart. Not with a jealous pang, however. The shock had sobered me, and for the time, at least, cured my madness. But I loved my husband too well to look on his suffering unmoved. Even his anxiety that his child should live, was, I think, less intense than mine. I could not divest myself of the horrible idea that she had been stricken down in answer to my wish. If she died, I should never be able to forget those terrible words, nor feel again that I had a right to Sir Robert Eden's love. In striving to save her life, I was striving for all I valued on earth—my own peace of mind, my husband's heart. If she should die, I felt as if I must go away, and never see him again.

Heaven knows how anxiously I tended her. Her own mother's love could not have been more vigilant. Her father was amazed at me, I saw. He thought, I suppose, that it was an honest affection, late springing in my heart. He little knew what was at stake for me—what hopes, dear as my own soul, hung on the balance with her life. Now and then he said some word of praise or thanks; and often he begged me to rest, and leave her to him. But I could not leave her—I dared not—until the crisis was past. She was very ill. I could see her wasting away. The fierce fever shrivelled up her life, drank the marrow in her bones. I waited in an agony of suspense for the time which the doctor said would decide her fate. He watched with me himself through the night—he and I by the bedside, her father coming and going like an unquiet spirit. Before morning dawned, the worst was over.

"She will live now, with good nursing," Dr. Bartlett said, as she opened her great blue eyes, and knew us for the first time since she was ill.

I ran away; I could not bear my transport of rejoicing till I had poured it out in a cry of thanksgiving. When I was calmed, I went back.

"You have saved her life, I truly believe," my husband said, meeting me at the nursery-door. "Dr. Bartlett says your care has been everything. Her own mother could not have been more faithful. Can I ever repay you?"

I listened to his praises, feeling a desperate impulse to confess to him all that had ever been in my heart. But there was no time. The child still needed me.

She began to get better rapidly. She had one of those strong constitutions which disease always takes hold of with peculiar violence, but which as quickly recuperates the moment the pressure is removed. The next day, at nightfall, she looked at me with those great, wistful blue eyes, and said, in her childish way, "I haven't asked God to take care of Gerty. Rosa isn't here; mayn't I say prayers to new mamma?"

"Yes, darling," I answered. It was the first time I had ever called her so.

She said over a simple little prayer, one she was used to saying, evidently, for it ended with—"And please take care of Gerty, and make new mamma love her."

The words were so much a matter of habit that she said them, in my presence, as usual, without, I am sure, remembering their reference to me. I can never tell how they thrilled my heart, dumb and cold so long, into warmth and tenderness. I suppose I had been learning, all through her illness, to be fond of her; but I had not realized it myself until then. A full tide of such love as I had never felt before swelled my heart almost to bursting; and I bent over her, and kissed her, with eyes which could not see for tears.

"Never ask God again to make new mamma love you," I said. "She loves you now. My darling, my little Gerty!"

She touched my wet cheek softly with her baby fingers.

"*Don't cry*," she said; "oo make Gerty sorry. Gerty loved oo all the time."

That night I left her to Rosa's care for the first time since she was taken ill. I sat with my husband in our own room, and told him all. Just how wicked, and jealous, and miserable I had been—even those terrible words I had said the first day of Gerty's illness. And then I asked him if he could forgive me. I was sitting at a little distance from him, and he bent forward and drew me into his arms, close to his heart.

"*Not forgive* you, Agnes," he answered, "but *love* you. You have triumphed over yourself nobly. You are my true wife, of whom I am prouder to-night than ever. You would never have been jealous, Agnes, if you had known half how well I love you."

I never was jealous afterward.

Gerty got well rapidly; and when she was playing round the grounds, in the June sunshine, her little sister came—a baby loved of Heaven, for Heaven took her. Only once the little dark-lashed eyes opened, and I saw a gleam of her father's looks in them. The little pulse fluttered faintly, and then the new life went out. My darling! my darling! It was Heaven's mercy, I knew, which saved her tender feet from the world's rough ways, and yet my heart hungered for her, my arms longed to clasp her.

Through all, little Gerty was my comfort. The old bitterness never came back to my soul. My husband's child was almost as dear to me as if she had been mine; loved differently, indeed, but with a love not less fond and faithful—hallowed alike by the memory of her loss and of my own.

The strange, sweet instinct of motherhood, aroused by that little life only a few moments' long, has quickened again, since then, at the sight of baby faces—my babies. I have tasted the power and sweetness of that wonderful mother love, which hopes all things, and endures all things, beyond any other love which the world knows. But my own children have never crowded Gerty out of my heart. I have held her always as my eldest daughter. Often in summer twilights, when papa is romping with the others, she and I go together to a little grave whereon the summer blossoms blow, and freshen the violets above it with tears, fond, but not regretful, for the first little one—the chosen of Heaven.

A GALLANT FRENCHMAN.

A pleasant passage is that which tells the story of a brave Frenchman, Du Plessis Mauduit, who, in the double capacity of engineer and officer of artillery, defended the post of Red Bank, under the orders of Colonel Greene. A force of twenty-five hundred Hessians assailed the position, and one of their officers proclaimed, with sound of drum, that no quarter would be given to the rebellious subjects of the King who stood to battle. The Americans accepted the challenge, and the fight began.

"After a sharp cannonade, the Hessians' ranks formed in column, and moved forward upon the first intrenchment, which had been excluded from the line of defence, and entering unresisted, they sent up loud huzzas of victory, and pressed forward upon the slight defences of the redoubt. Through the plunging artillery fire, and the close volley of musketry, the Hessian soldiers pushed on to the abatis. This obstruction they were endeavoring to tear away the branches from, when the dreadful shower of musket balls meeting them in front and enfilading their flanks, sent them back shattered and broken. To this result the skill and forethought of M. de Mauduit had largely contributed, by seizing a part of the *courtine* of the old intrenchment, which fortunately had not been removed, and formed a projection at this very point of intersection. Into this breastwork, which modern warfare would style a rifle-pit, but then known as a *caponierre*, M. de Mauduit had thrown some men, who flanked the enemy's left and galled it with a close and unendurable fire.

Officers were seen every moment rallying their men, marching up the abatis and falling amidst the branches they were endeavoring to cut. Colonel Donop was particularly distinguished by the insignia of the order he wore, by his handsome figure, and by his courage, and he was seen to fall like the rest.

Overwhelmed by the precision more than the density of the fire, which had cost the enemy almost all his officers exposed to it, he relinquished the attack, and fell back into the wood in great disorder. Hastening from this point of attack, M. de Mauduit met and repelled one made in force upon the south of the redoubt, and then sallied out with a detachment to repair the abatis. Here were the evidences of the most fearful slaughter, for heaped on heaps of forms already dead, lay other dead and dying men in one mass of torn and bleeding bodies. From the midst of this dreadful charnel pile a voice was heard to say, "Whoever you are, draw me hence." The poor shattered body of Colonel Donop lay beneath this heap of soldiers, now forever dead to his command, and his lips already chilling in death, had uttered this sad request.

M. de Mauduit caused him to be raised and carried into the fort by the soldiers, and here he was soon recognized, and taunted by some of those he had so recently devoted to death, with the words: "Well, it is determined to give no quarter!" "I'm in your hands," he replied, "you may revenge yourselves."

No effort was needed, however, on the part of de Mauduit, to prevent personal violence; these men never assassinated. No thoughts of bloody retaliation for the awful threat which those lips, now plaintively supplicating aid, had but an hour before closed upon them the door of mercy. A few hundred miles to the south another body of men fighting in the same cause, who had conquered another bloody foe, had plighted their solemn word of honor for his safety, if he laid down the arms they feared to meet him with, but when Colonel Grierson, trusting to their good faith, placed himself in their power, he was soon after shot down by an assassin and cowardly hand. Colonel Donop expired a few days after, exclaiming: "I am content, I die in the hands of honor itself."

OLD LETTERS.—Never burn kindly written letters; it is so pleasant to read them over when the paper is yellow with age, and the hands that traced the friendly words are folded over the heart that prompted them, under the green sod. Above all, never burn love-letters. To read them in after years is like a resurrection of one's youth. The elderly spinster finds in the impassioned offer foolishly rejected twenty years ago, a fountain of rejuvenescence. Glancing over it, she realizes that she was once a belle and a beauty, and beholds her former self in a mirror much more congenial to her taste than the one that confronts her in her dressing-room. The "widow indeed" derives a sweet and solemn consolation from the letters of the beloved one who has journeyed before her to the far-off land, from which there comes no message, and where she hopes one day to join him. No photograph can so vividly recall to the memory of the mother the tenderness and devotion of the children who have left at the call of Heaven, as the epistolary out-pourings of their love. The letter of a son or daughter to a true mother is sometimes better than an image of the features; it is a reflex of the writer's soul. Keep all loving letters. Burn only the harsh and cruel ones, and in burning them, forgive and forget them.

ORIGIN OF OUR DECIMAL CURRENCY.—We have seen a letter from a venerable gentleman who came to this country from Wales over fifty years since, and employed by the late Charles W. Peale, proprietor of the old Museum. In November, 1806, he became acquainted with Mr. Christian Heiss, of the Washington Union, lately of the New Orleans *Delta*. Mr. H. was then fifty-one years of age, and had in his youth been wagon-master through the whole Revolution in Washington's army, or it may be in the Pennsylvania line, which formed a portion of it. On one occasion, while in conversation, it was remarked how much better the Americans managed their currency than other nations, in the decimal form of it, when Mr. Heiss immediately replied that it was so, and that the author or inventor was the Rev. Samuel Jones, D.D., of Lower Dublin. We have never heard this question mooted before, but we have no doubt that the information imparted by Mr. Heiss was most reliable, and it involves an interesting historical incident.

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

There are lonely hearts to cherish
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish
While the days are going by.
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
O! the good we all may do,
While the days are going by!

There's no time for idle scorning
While the days are going by;
Let our face be like the morning
While the days are going by.
O! the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes;
Help your fallen brother rise
While the days are going by.

UNCLE INGOT.

HOW HE WAS "TAKEN IN."

"If ever you or yours get five pounds out of me, madam, before I die, I promise you, you shall have five thousand; and I am a man of my word!" So spoke Mr. Ingot Beardmore, dryasalter and common-councilman of the city of London, to Dorothea Elizabeth, his widowed sister-in-law, who had applied to him for pecuniary succor about three months after the death of his younger brother Isaac, her husband. There was harshness and stubborn determination enough in his reply, but there was no higgard cruelty. Mrs. Isaac wanted money, it is true, but only in the sense in which we all want it. She was only poor in comparison with the great wealth of this relative by marriage. Her income was large enough for any ordinary—Mr. Ingot said "legitimate"—purpose, but it was not sufficient for sending her boy to Eton, and finishing him off at the universities, as it was the maternal wish to do. Mr. Ingot hated such genteel intentions; Christ's Hospital had been a fashionable enough school for him, and he had "finished off" as a clerk at forty pounds a year in that very respectable house of which he was now the senior partner. With the results of that education, as exemplified in himself, he was perfectly satisfied, and if his nephews only turned out half as well, their mother, he thought, might think herself uncommonly lucky. Her family had given themselves airs upon the occasion of her marrying Isaac—"allying herself with commerce," some of them called it—and Ingot had never forgiven them. He gloried in his own profession, although Government had never seen fit to ennoble any member of it—and perhaps all the more upon that account; for he was one of those radicals who are not "snobs" at heart, but rather aristocrats. He honestly believed that noblemen and gentlemen were the lower orders, and those who toiled and strove, the upper crust of the human pie. When he was told that the former classes often toiled and strove in their own way as much as the others, he made a gesture of contempt, and "blew" like an exasperated whale. It was a vulgar sort of retort, of course, but so eminently expressive that his opponent rarely pursued the subject.

He rather liked his sister-in-law, in spite of her good birth, and would doubtless largely have assisted her had she consented to bring up her children according to his views; but, since she preferred to take her own way, he withdrew himself more and more from her society, until they saw nothing at all of one another. He had no intention of leaving his money away from his brother's children; he had much too strong a sense of duty for that; and as for marriage, that was an idea that never entered into his hard old head. He had not made a fool of himself by falling in love in middle age as Isaac had done, (in youth he had no time for such follies,) and it was not likely that at sixty-five he should commit any such imprudence. So his nephews and nieces felt confident of being provided for in the future. In the present, however, as time wore on, and the education of both girls and boys grew more expensive, Mrs. Isaac's income became greatly straitened. Her own family very much applauded the expensive way in which she was bringing up her children, and especially her independence of spirit with relation to her tradesman brother-in-law, but they never assisted her with a penny. The young gentleman at Cambridge was therefore kept upon very short allowance; and the young ladies, whose beauty was something remarkable, affected white muslin, and wore no meretricious jewelry. Their pin money was very limited, poor things, and they made their own clothes at home by the help of a sewing machine. If Uncle Ingot could have seen them thus diligently employed, his heart would perhaps have softened toward them; but, as I have said, they now never got that chance. Julia, the elder, had been but six years old when he had last called at their highly-rented but diminutive habitation in Mayfair, and now she was eighteen, and had never seen him since. Although she had of course grown out of the old man's recollection, she remembered his figure-head, as she wickedly called his rigid features, uncommonly well; and, indeed, nobody who had ever seen it was likely to forget it. His countenance was not so much human as it was lignaeous, and his protégé Nephew Jack had actually seen upon a certain nobby tree in the lime-walk of Clare Hall at Cambridge—much more like than any silhouette ever cut out of black paper. They had laughed at the old gentleman in early days, and had snapped their fingers at his churlishness, but it had become no laughing matter now.

That remark of Uncle Ingot's, "If ever you or yours get five pounds out of me, madam, before I die, I promise you, you shall have five thousand; and I am a man of my word!" had become a very serious sentence, condemning all the family to, if not poverty, at least very urgent want. What it meant of course was, that he was resolutely determined to give them nothing. In vain the young ladies worked for Uncle Ingot slippers and book-markers for his birthday, and sent to him their best wishes at Christmas in Rimmel's highly scented envelopes; in vain Jack sent him a pound of the most vehement snuff that Bevan's emporium could furnish, at the beginning of every term. He always wrote back a civil letter of thanks, in a clear and clerkly letter, but there was never any enclosure. When Mrs. Isaac asked him to dinner, he declined in a caustic manner—avowing that he did not feel himself comfortable at the aristocratic tables of the West End—and sent her a pine-apple for the dessert, of his own growing. He had really no ill feeling toward his relatives, although he kept himself so estranged from them; but I think this sort of conduct tickled the old gentleman a grim sense of humor. If he could have found some legitimate excuse for "making it up" with his sister-in-law within the first year or two of their falling out, perhaps he would have been glad to do so; but time had now so widened the breach that it was not easily to be repaired. What he had satirically written when he declined her invitation had grown to be true: he rarely went into society, and almost never into the company of ladies, the elder portion of whom he considered frivolous and vexatious, and the younger positively dangerous. He had a few old bachelor friends, however, with whom he kept up a cordial intercourse, and spent with them various festivals of the year as regularly as they came round.

On the 31st of December, for instance, he never omitted to go down to Reading and "see the old year out and the new year in," in the company of Tom Whaffles, with whom he had worn the yellow stockings in those schooldays that had passed away more than half a century ago. Tom and Isaac had been even greater cronies as boys than Tom and Ingot, but the latter did not like Tom the less upon that account; secretly I think he esteemed him the more highly, as a link between himself and that luckless family whose very existence he yet chose to ignore. Mr. Whaffles had intimate relations with them still; they came down to stay with him whenever his sister paid him a visit, and could act as their hostess; but this never happened in the last week of the year. Tom was never to speak of them to his old friend—that was not only tacitly understood, but had even been laid down in writing, as the basis of their intimacy.

On the 31st of December last Mr. Ingot Beardmore found himself, as usual, at the Paddington Station looking for an empty compartment, for his own company had got to be very pleasing to him. Having attained his object, and rolled himself up in the corner of the carriage in several great-coats, with his feet upon a hot tin, and his hands clothed in thick mittens, and lookin g altogether like a polar bear who liked to make himself comfortable—when everything was arranged, I say, to the old gentleman's complete satisfaction, who should invade his privacy just as the train was about to start, and the whistle had sounded, but one of the most bewitching young ladies you ever set eyes on!

"Madam, this carriage is engaged!" growled he, pointing to the umbrella, carpet bag and books which he had distributed upon all the seats, in order to give it that appearance.

"Only engaged to you, I think, sir," replied the charmer, flippantly. "Happy carriage! I wish *I* was. Isn't that pretty?"

Mr. Beardmore never had anything half so shocking said to him in all his life, and, if the train had not been already set in motion, he would have called upon the guard for help, and left the carriage forthwith. As it was, he could only look at this shameless young person with an expression of the severest reprobation. At the same time his heart sank within him at the reflection that the train was not to stop till he had reached his destination—Reading. What indignities might he not have to suffer before he could obtain protection! She was a modest-looking young lady, too, very simply dressed, and her voice was particularly sweet and prepossessing, notwithstanding the very dreadful remarks in which she had indulged. Perhaps she was out of her mind—and at this idea Mr. Ingot Beardmore broke out, notwithstanding the low temperature, into a very profuse perspiration.

"Now, what will you give me for a kiss, you old—you old polar bear?" asked the fair stranger, playfully, as the train flew by Ealing.

"Nothing, madam, nothing; I am astonished at you!" answered Mr. Beardmore, looking anxiously round the carriage in the desperate hope of finding one of those newly-patented inventions for affording communication with the guard.

"Well, then, I'll take one, and leave it to your honor!" continued the young lady, with a peal of silvery laughter; and with that she lightly rose, and before the old gentleman could free himself from his wraps or ward her off with his muffetees, she had imprinted a kiss upon his horny cheek. Mr. Beardmore's breath was so utterly taken away by this assault that he remained speechless, but his countenance was probably more full of expression than it had ever been in his life. "O, no, I am not mad," laughed she in reply to it; "although I have taken a fancy to such a wonderful old creature. Now, come, if I kiss you again, what will you give me?"

"I shall give you in charge to the police, madam, the instant that I arrive at Reading!"

"Give me in charge! What for, you curious piece of antiquity?"

"For an assault, madam; yes, for an assault. Don't you know that you have no right to kiss people without their consent, in this manner?"

Here the young lady laughed so violently that the tears came into her eyes.

"*Do* you suppose, you poor old doting creature, that anybody will ever believe such a story as that? Do you ever use such a thing as a looking glass, you poor dear? Are you aware how very unprepossessing your appearance is, even when you don't frown, as you are doing now in a manner that is enough to frighten one? You have, of course, a perfect right to your own opinion; but if you suppose the police will agree with you, you will find yourself much mistaken. The idea of anybody wanting to kiss you will reasonably enough appear to them preposterous."

"What is it you require of me, you wicked creature?" cried the old bachelor, in an agony of shame and rage.

"I want payment for my kiss. To a gentleman at your time of life, who scarcely could expect to be so favored, surely it is worth—what shall I say?—five pounds. What! not so much? Well, then, here's another for your other cheek." Like a flash of lightning she suited the action to her words. "There, then, five pounds for the two, and I won't take a shilling less. You will have to give it to the poor's-box at the police-station, if not to me. For I intend, in case you are obstinate, to complain of your disgraceful conduct to the guard at the first opportunity! I shall give you into custody, sir, as sure as you are alive! You will be put upon your oath, you know, and all you will dare to say will be that *I* kissed you, and not you *me*. What roars of laughter there will be in court, and how funny it will all look in the papers!" Here the young lady began to laugh again, as though she had already read it there. Mr. Beardmore's grim sense of humor was, as usual, accompanied by a keen dislike of appearing ridiculous. True, he hated to be imposed upon; still, of the two evils, was it not better to pay five pounds than to be made the laughing stock of his bachelor friends, who are not the sort of people to commiserate one in a misfortune of this kind?

In short, Mr. Ingot Beardmore paid the money. Mr. Thomas Whaffles found his guest that evening anything but talkative. There was a select party of the male sex invited to meet him, by whom the rich old dryasalter was accustomed to be regarded as an oracle; but upon this occasion he had nothing to say; the consciousness of having been "done" oppressed him. His lips were tightly sealed; his cheeks were still glowing from the audacious insult that had been put upon them; his fingers clutched the pocketbook in which there was a five-pound note less than there ought to be. But when his host and himself were left alone that night, "seeing the old year out, and the new year in," his heart began to thaw under the genial influences of friendship and gin punch, and he told his late adventure to Tom Whaffles, not without some enjoyment of his own mischance.

"I could really almost forgive the jade," said he, "for having taken me in so cleverly. I dare say, however, she makes quite a profession of it; and that half a score of old gentlemen have been coerced before now into ransoming their good name as I did. And yet she was as modest and ladylike-looking a girl as ever you saw."

"Was she anything like *this?*" inquired Mr. Whaffles, producing a photograph.

"Why, that's the very girl!" exclaimed the guest. "Ha, ha! Tom; so you, too, have been one of her victims, have you? Well, now, this is most extraordinary."

"Not at all, my dear fellow. I know her very well; and her sister, and her mother, and her brother, too. I can introduce you to her if you like. There's not the least harm in her. Bless you, she only kissed you for a bit of fun."

"A bit of fun!" cried Mr. Beardmore. "Why, she got a five-pound note out of me!"

"But she does not mean to keep it, I am very sure. 'Would you like to see her again? Come, 'Yes' or 'No?'"

"If she will give me back my money, 'Yes.'"

"Very well," returned the host; "mind, you asked for her yourself;" and he rang the bell pretty sharply twice.

"Here she is: it's your nelce, Miss Julia. Her mother and sister are now staying under this very roof."

"Yes, uncle," said the young lady, demurely. "Here is your five-pound note; please to give me that five thousand which you promised mamma *if ever she or here got five pounds out of you; for you are a man of your word*, I know. But what would be better still would be, to let me kiss you once more, in the character of your dutiful niece; and let us all love you as we want to do. It was an audacious stratagem, I admit, but I think you will forgive me—come."

"There go the church-bells!" cried Tom Whaffles. "It is the new year, and a fitting time to forget old enmities. Give your uncle a kiss, child."

Uncle Ingot made no resistance this time, but avowed himself fairly conquered; and between ourselves, although he made no "favorites" among his newly-reconciled relatives, but treated them with equal kindness, I think he always liked Niece Julia best, who had been the cause of healing a quarrel which no one perhaps had regretted more at heart than Uncle Ingot himself.

YOUR EVENINGS, BOYS.

Joseph Clark was as fine-looking and healthy a lad as ever left the country to go into a city store. His cheek was red with health, his arm strong, and his step quick. His master liked his looks, and said, "That boy will make something." He had been a clerk about six months, when Mr. Abbott observed a change in Joseph. His cheek grew pale, his eye hollow, and he always seemed sleepy. Mr. Abbott said nothing for awhile. At length, finding Joseph alone in the counting room, one day, he asked him if he was well.

"Pretty well, sir," answered Joseph.

"You look sick of late," said Mr. Abbott.

"I have the headache sometimes," the young man said.

"What gives you the headache?" asked the merchant.

"I do not know as I know, sir."

"Do you go to bed in good season?"

Joseph blushed.

"As early as most of the boarders," he said.

"And how do you spend your evenings, Joseph?"

"O, sir, not as my pious mother would approve," answered the young man, tears standing in his eyes.

"Joseph," said the old merchant, "your character and all your future usefulness and prosperity depend upon the way you pass your evenings. Take my word for it, it is a young man's evenings that make or break him."

Upon the outer side of the door of the "sanctum sanctorum" of a newspaper office in Sidney, Australia, there is pasted a placard informing visitors that "*the editor cannot be spoken to unless paid for his time.*" Persons desiring an audience are invited to buy a ticket of admission at the door of the waiting room—one hour costing ten shillings, (British;) half an hour, six shillings; fifteen minutes, three shillings. Intruders are unceremoniously told to "go to the devil"—the printer's youngest assistant, who sells the tickets. This system will commend itself to publishers and editors of newspapers in this city. Who will start it?

A GENTLEMAN, residing near Boston, drew the attention of the Town Council to a slough in the road, as a nuisance, but no notice was taken of it. One day he found, to his amusement, that two Councillors had walked into it by accident, and were floundering about in the mire, when he addressed them thus—"Gentlemen of the Town Council of Boston: I have often petitioned to your honorable body against this slough, but I never had any attention paid to my petition. I now come forth to express my delight to see you at last moving in the matter."

A QUAKER in business in Philadelphia, disliking the "Esq" to his name, advised a Southern correspondent to direct his letters to him without any tail, and received a reply superscribed—"Amos Smith without any tail, Philadelphia."

Remarks of Dr. Andrew Nebinger,

ON THE PREVENTION OF CHOLERA.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE PHILADELPHIA COUNTY MEDICAL SOCIETY.

If any particular subject, more than another, should now receive our attention, it is the prevention of cholera. He is indeed an useful physician, who, when called to the bedside of suffering humanity, baffles disease, and materially contributes to the rescue of the patient from protracted suffering, and the grave; but vastly more useful is he, who, by his wise counsel and labor, prevents the development of disease. All diseases of an epidemic form are susceptible, to a very great extent, of control by preventive appliances. This is no empty declaration, but one fully established by abundant facts. A mere reference to the published histories of epidemics, would suffice to establish the fact, almost beyond a cavil, that the origin, continuation and malignity of epidemic diseases, has been in due ratio with the neglect of public hygiene; the viciousness of the masses, their defective modes of living, and filthy personal habits. The history, as far as it has been written, of the cholera epidemic now prevailing in transatlantic countries, is no exception to this doctrine. It may with truth be said, that epidemics, such as cholera, yellow fever, etc., are fed, nourished, and caused to grow in great proportions by the malaria of filthy localities, and the neglect of personal and domiciliary cleanliness, and that such epidemic influences depend for their vigor, virulence, and long continuance, upon the conditions named. What constitutes a filthy locality? To particularise in detail would be a waste of time. Yet an example I will call attention to, as somewhat illustrative of what constitutes a filthy locality, and in connection with it, will state the disastrous results which sprang out of the neglect of public sanitary appliances. In 1849, the cholera prevailed to an almost exterminating extent in Reed street, from the east side of Front street, to the Delaware river. Most of the houses on Reed street were three story brick buildings, two rooms on a floor, well lighted and well ventilated. The conditions of health, as far as the construction of the houses were interested, could not be found fault with, but a few yards only from the door of the last of these houses, the Reed street culvert emptied its foul matter, and at its mouth was a morass of many acres, which at high tide was covered with water, and at low tide was exposed to the rays of the sun. The culvert drained a territory which extended from the river up to the County Prison, a distance of ten squares, or about half a mile. The prison was, as it is now, drained by this culvert of its entire filth. The drainage was poured out upon the marsh, and there, exposed to the action of the sun, underwent a process of festering putrefaction, and generated an atmosphere which doubtless had much to do in producing the mortality which marked the existence of the cholera at that place. The foul gases produced by the decomposition of the matter thrown out by the Reed street culvert, may not have created cholera, and in my opinion did not create it; but it will not, I think, be disputed, that that foul atmosphere was not the kind and quality which had been divinely constituted as an essential of life, and as one of the elements for keeping up vitality to its highest standard. It may, however, with truth be declared, that it was an atmosphere which would depress the vital forces, produce adynamia, and thus create and exalt a predisposition to the attack of any disease which might prevail epidemically. In breathing that foul atmosphere, the people of Reed street inhaled at each inspiration, certain volumes *less* of the pure air which the Deity intended they should breathe, and certain volumes of foul gases which were never designed to be introduced into the system. The sad and melancholy results of breathing such impure atmosphere, was that the predisposition to attacks of cholera was so universal and so exalted in those residing in the locality referred to, that nearly all the residents were attacked by the disease, the mortality from which was unusually large. So great was its prevalence, and so disastrous its results, that the doctor's carriage, and the undertaker's car, were seen in Reed street at all hours of the day. Now mark the contrast. During the winter and spring of 1854, the Reed street culvert was extended to low water mark, a bulkhead was constructed, and the morass, embracing an area of many acres in front of, and below Reed street, was filled up and reclaimed. The street, from Front street to a short distance below the built up portion of it, was curbed and paved, and thus its drainage was rendered nearly complete. In the summer of 1854, the cholera made its appearance in Philadelphia again. The deaths from it amounted to six hundred. Reed street, so stricken, scourged, and almost depopulated in 1849, had as great an exemption from the ravage of the epidemic in 1854, as any other portion of the city. There had been no change made in the buildings, and the habits of the residents in 1854 did not differ from the habits of the residents of 1849. But the local hygienic condition had been vastly improved. In 1849, imperfect drainage, accumulated filth, and great mortality, produced by cholera, were three conditions which presented in Reed street. Good drainage, the absence of accumulated filth, and great exemption from cholera, were the three conditions, which presented in the same locality, in 1854. Such then were the effects of a neglect in the one instance, and of attention in the other, to public hygiene. In the facts presented in regard to Reed street, there is embodied a volume of useful teaching in regard to the incalculable importance, in a healthful point of view, of good drainage, and the prevention of accumulated filth, and the necessity for the prompt removal of every cause which is calculated to vitiate the atmosphere by the generation of foul and noxious gases.

I have presented the condition of Reed street, in 1849, as a specimen of what I think may be fairly considered filth, public filth, filth for the presence of which there cannot be found any palliating excuse, and for whose presence and disastrous consequences the public authorities, who are charged with the business of preventing and controlling, are justly before God and man chargeable. I wish I had it in my power to present to those authorities, in statistics, the long list of those who suffer, and prematurely die, annually in our city; those, I mean, whose sufferings and death every well-instructed physician and sanitarian conscientiously charges to the neglect of the enforcement of the great and well understood sanitary laws, which grace our statute books. And then, too, if I had the talent, I would add to those statistics, faithfully word-drawn portraits of the suffering, the long and weary hours of agony, the wasting of the forms and strength of each of these victims of public neglect, and then, to this, as its grave sequel, I would portray their haggard, ghastly forms, as they present in death, and while I would feel my task not one of pleasure, but of sorrow, yet I should feel some degree of satisfaction, as I held the picture up to the gaze of those public functionaries, in saying to them: "Behold the wreck and ruin your neglect has wrought," and hope thus, for a time at least, to call them from their devotion to the spoils and pelf of office, to the discharge of oath bound duties, and the full administration, for the public benefit, of the functions of their office.

May I be indulged in asking if we have any Reed streets to day? Who will answer? We have read of the scourge by cholera in Constantinople, and of the seventy thousand deaths which had occurred there, from cholera; we had also read of the filth of that city, and in that we had read the history of Reed street, in 1849, over again, though in a more extended form. Have we then at this time no Reed streets, no miniature Constantinople in Philadelphia? and if we have, where are our enlightened public authorities, upon whom properly devolves the duty of ridding the city of its pest spots, where the germs of disease and death are unnecessarily developed.

I had, as you know, sir, two weeks ago, an opportunity of presenting here a small quantity of material, used in a fertilizer manufactory, located a few squares south of my residence, and so offensive did the atmosphere of the room become upon my exhibition of a quart of that material, that it was necessary, for the comfort of those present, to throw up the window sash, and some of the members quitted the room in haste, and one gentleman informed me a few days afterwards, that the atmosphere so irritated his nostrils as to produce a coryza—such was the effect of the presence here for a few moments of about a quart, or two pounds, of that foul material. Now, sir, what can be the effect upon the health of the community into whose locality, to whose very houses, about four hundred tons of that rotten matter are brought and worked up every month? You, nor I, cannot adequately estimate its baneful effects. These four hundred tons of rotten, partially dried animal matter, are brought into our city every month from the slaughter houses of Chicago, Illinois, conveyed to the depot at the east end of Christian street in cars, from there hauled in wagons and cart along the streets to the place in the lower part of the city, where it is used as a component in manufacturing a fertilizing agent. Four hundred tons per month—forty eight hundred tons per year, a mountain of this carrion material introduced from abroad into our city, contaminating its atmosphere and diminishing its salubrity.

Is there no law to prevent the introduction of this matter, and thus protect the health-interests of our citizens? And if there is, why is not that law enforced? Who will answer? When the enlightened public authorities were called upon to seize this pestiferous place, and prevent the contamination of the atmosphere, which necessarily must take place from the presence of such an immense amount of putrid matter, they, as it were, folded their arms, treated the complaints and solicitations with but little less than indifference, and thus virtually declare them unfounded.

The removal or abatement of this and kindred nuisances would be a move in the right direction, in inaugurating and carrying out part of the humane policy for the prevention of cholera, which is so well understood by every well instructed sanitarian. Such apathy, such indifference is being manifested by the authorities, that it really looks as if the citizens have but little to expect from them in the way of sanitary appliance. This being the case, it is necessary that the people by loud and indignant language arouse these authorities from their lethargy and indifference to a proper sense of their duty, and to the prompt discharge of the functions of their office. This must be done, or we may expect cholera to invade our city and mark its presence by a fatality that will surpass its invasion in 1849 and 1854.

The sources of atmospheric contamination, while they may be numerous, are nearly all susceptible of control. Power, simple and primary, reside in the City Councils and in the Board of Health, to place our city in good and salubrious condition. In the exercise of the power, and the wise expenditure of the pecuniary means necessary to place our city in a healthy condition, the authorities will be energetically sustained by the people. Let them be up and doing. Let every foul cess pool be purified. Let the docks be cleansed, the culverts flushed, the culvert-inlets freed and cleansed, the streets properly looked after, foul slaughter-houses abated, house-building establishments cleaned; in short, every source of atmospheric vitiation controlled, and we will have such an exemption from cholera as the absence of filth alone can insure.

A woman went to blind a dandy, who languidly exclaimed, "O, doctor, you're a great humbug!" To which the doctor replied, "O, yes, I'm used to sticking noses."

SLAVERY IN THE EARLY DAYS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

D. Appleton & Co. have published a volume entitled "Notes on the History of Slavery in Massachusetts," by George H. Moore, Librarian of the New York Historical Society, and Corresponding Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Contributors to the History of Slavery in Massachusetts will always be acceptable to the American student. The part played by that state in forming public opinion on subjects connected with our recent conflict, gives singular interest to her early connection with human bondage. An investigation of the manner in which she gradually adopted Abolition views, and became their propagandist, is worthy of the attention of our most philosophical writers.

Mr. Moore has undertaken that task so far as the early history of Massachusetts is concerned, and gives us the result of his labors in a handsome octavo of two hundred and fifty pages. Skillfully arranged and pleasantly written, it will add greatly to his present fame as an historian, and we doubt not will find very numerous readers—in Massachusetts, many critics.

Mr. Everett taught us to believe that Massachusetts was always anti-slavery. He maintained that her opinions on that point had never changed. He affirmed that the South and the North had once coincided in their views, and that whatever modification had taken place, had been in the South, which had become more and more pro-slavery, because of her growing interest in the production of cotton. But Massachusetts had always been true to her pristine faith.

Mr. Moore's volume has a very different story to tell. It destroys a very delightful New England delusion. Massachusetts has always carried herself with such prudish dignity in the family of states, her younger sisters have hitherto so unhesitatingly accepted her assertions of her exemplary virtues and spotless character, that we doubt not they will enjoy with zest Mr. Moore's disclosures of her doings years ago, and giggle among themselves at the pretty pranks she played when she was a girl.

Slavery began in Massachusetts with the enslaving of captured Indians in the Pequod war. Through fear of their escape and consequent revenge, many of them were exported to Bermuda, the worthy Puritans finding that traffic very profitable. Governor Winthrop mentions, that through the Lord's great mercy, a number of them had been taken, of whom the males were sent to Bermuda, and the females distributed through the Bay towns, to be used as domestic servants. There is something very amusing in the coolness of these proceedings. Captain Stoughton (page 7), who assisted in the work of exterminating the Pequods, after his arrival in the enemy's country, wrote to the Governor of Massachusetts (Winthrop) as follows: "By this pinnace you shall receive forty-eight or fifty women and children; concerning which there is one, I formerly mentioned, that is the fairest and largest that I saw among them, to whom I have given a coat to clothe her. It is my desire to have her for a servant, if it may stand with your good liking, else not. There is a little squaw that Steward Culacut desireth, to whom he hath given a coat. Lieutenant Davenport also desireth one, to wit: a small one, that hath three marks upon her stomach. (Here the good Puritan captain gives a drawing he had taken of the marks.) He desireth her, if it will stand with your liking. Sosoman, the Indian, desireth a young little squaw, which I know not."

The expatriation of the Indians led to the commencement of the slave trade. A vessel, the *Desire*, of 120 tons, one of the first built in the colony (1636) was used for that purpose. The thing was not done in secret or indirectly, but by the authorities. Thus we find in a letter to the Governor: "Mr. Endicott and myself salute you in the Lord Jesus. We have heard of a division of women and children in the Bay, and would therefore be glad of a share, viz.: a young woman or girl, and a boy if you think good. I write to you for some boys for Bermuda."

The Salem slave-ship *Desire* brought negroes in exchange for Indians, from the West Indies. Downing, in a letter to his brother-in-law, Governor Winthrop (1645), writes: "A war with the Narragansetts is very considerable to this plantation, for I doubt whether it be not sin in us, having power in our hands, to suffer them to maintain the worship of the Devil, which their pow-wows often do. *Secondly*—If, upon a just war the Lord should deliver them into our hands, we might easily have men, women and children enough to exchange for Moors, which will be more gainful pillage to us than we conceive, for I do not see how we can thrive until we get a stock of slaves sufficient to do all our business, for our children's children will hardly see this great continent filled with people, so that our servants will still desire freedom to plant for themselves, and not stay but for very great wages. And I suppose you know very well how we shall maintain twenty Moors cheaper than one English servant. The ships that shall bring Moors may come home laden with salt, which may bear most of the charge, if not all of it."

But the colonists were not content with transportation, they tried their hands at slave breeding. Mr. Moore gives (page 6) an amusing but unsuccessful instance of the kind in the case of Mr. Maverick's negroes. We must refer the reader who is inquisitive on this interesting topic to the book for particulars.

By the laws of Massachusetts slaves were not permitted to be abroad after nine o'clock at night; they were prohibited from improper intercourse or contracting marriage with whites. Their increase having been found unprofitable, was looked upon with disfavor. It did not counterbalance the incidental loss of service. Little negroes "when weaned were given away like puppies." The master might deny baptism to his slaves. They were continually advertised in the Boston newspapers for sale. "Just arrived and for sale, a prime lot of negro boys and girls." It was quite a recommendation if one had had the small-pox; the fact was duly put forth in the advertisement. Boston sometimes did things about which she has had a good deal to say in the way of denunciation of those who more recently have copied her example, by separating negro families at the auction block. "A likely negro woman about nineteen years of age, and a child of about six months, to be sold together or apart." Ah! Boston, Boston!—"or apart"—and the mother only nineteen years old. These advertisements continued to appear in the newspapers until after the Declaration of Independence. Remonstrances against such atrocities then began to arise, in view of the fact that the colonists were at that moment contending with the mother country for their own freedom.

The same arguments were used in behalf of negro slavery in the seventeenth century that we have been familiar with in the middle of the nineteenth. Judge Sewall, writing in 1700, enumerates them as the four following:

First—Blackamoors are the posterity of Cham, and therefore are under the curse of slavery.

Second—The niggers are brought out of a Pagan country into places where the Gospel is preached.

Third—The Africans have wars with one another, and our ships bring lawful captives taken in those wars.

Fourth—Abraham had servants bought with his own money, and born in his house.

Thus sustained, the slave trade long continued in Massachusetts. Mr. Moore gives (page 66) a copy of the instructions of a mercantile firm to the captain of one of their slave ships, in 1785, directing him to make the best of his way to the coast of Africa, and invest his cargo in slaves. They show him how to proceed in a critical inspection of the negroes before paying for them; and what he must do for the preservation of the health of his cargo, since on that the profits of the voyage will depend. They sagaciously observe, that all other risks, but the death of the slaves, the underwriters are accountable for. Of the factors on the coast he must beware, lest they cheat him, since like the Israelites of old, they do whatever is right in their own eyes. His compensation, among other things, is to be four slaves out of every hundred, and four at the place of sale. They wish to have as particular information as can be obtained, as to the prospect of selling a load of New England rum, and conclude their letter by committing him and his ship to the goodness of the Almighty Disposer of all events.

The prohibition of the slave trade was at length effected in Massachusetts in 1788. It was enacted that no citizen of the Commonwealth, or other person residing in the same, shall import, transport, buy or sell any of the inhabitants of Africa as slaves or servants for a term of years, on penalty of fifty pounds for every person so misused, and two hundred pounds for every vessel fitted out or employed in the trade. All insurance on such vessel to be void. That there were Massachusetts slave ships at that time at sea is obvious, for this act expressly exempts them.

Much interest has been felt of late years to know when and under what circumstances slavery ceased to exist in Massachusetts. The fact that Daniel Webster had not been able a few years before his death to determine this question satisfactorily, is pretty good evidence that it was doubtful. In 1836 Chief Justice Shaw made an interesting statement on this point. How or by what act particularly slavery was abolished in Massachusetts, whether by the adoption of the opinion in Somerset's case, as a declaration and modification of the common law, or by the Declaration of Independence, or by the Constitution of 1780, it is not now very easy to determine, and it is rather a matter of curiosity than utility; it being agreed on all hands, that if not abolished before, it was so by the Declaration of Rights.

Mr. Moore, in conclusion on this point, remarks: "The reader of these notes cannot fail to notice the strong resemblance in the mode of the extinction of slavery in Massachusetts and that of villenage in England. Of the latter, Lord Mansfield said, in 1785, that 'villains in gross may in point of law, subsist at this day, but the change of manners and customs has abolished them in point of fact.' If the parallel may be continued, it could be said with equal justice, that slavery having never been formally prohibited by legislation in Massachusetts, continued to subsist in point of law until the year 1866, when the grand Constitutional Amendment terminated it forever throughout the limits of the Central States."

The reader will find Mr. Moore's "Notes" full of lucidly arranged information, much of it now published for the first time, and not a small part derived from sources of difficult access. Its style is clear, earnest and powerful; the author's industry and ability admirable; his book has a vivacity and picturesqueness that will secure for it general attention.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

CURIOUS ORIGIN.—Amedee Ponthieu has written an elaborate article about the game of "domino," or, as is often called, "dominoes," and contends that it dates back to the sixth century. Two monks of the celebrated monastery on Monte Casino who were confined in the gaol for a trifling disobedience, invented in order to kill the dreary hours of their imprisonment, a game with small white square pieces of chalk, into which they cut small holes, which they colored, and with which they played. Being watched by the gaoler of the monastery they commenced to sing with a loud voice the beginning of the psalm "Dixit Dominus Domino," as soon as they saw the gaoler coming, and repeated those words until the dangerous man was gone. After having been released, they manufactured square pieces of wood and ivory with black holes, and sold them to other monks. Thus the game was soon spread throughout Italy.

☞ CHOLERA.—The health officer of New York says:—"Several thousand European passengers, mainly from Germany and Ireland, have arrived since my last report, having had no cases of cholera. All having been from port a sufficient time to test the disease, if any existed. All the vessels were thoroughly fumigated before leaving Quarantine. The Erie arrived last night with eleven hundred and eighty passengers. All were well; there were four deaths during the passage from non-infective diseases." There have been two deaths, alleged to be from cholera, in New York City.

MILK AND WATER.—The New York Board of Health recently despatched an officer to the milk depot of the Harlem Railroad Company to watch the operations of the milkmen. He found that many of them brought a can filled with water, so as to thus increase the volume of the fluid. Thirty milk dealers were in the habit of patronizing one hydrant. The proportion of water used was from four to eight quarts to a forty quart can of milk.

☞ A lady who advertises herself as "an orphan 18 years of age, and loves water," proposes, through the Pittsburg Despatch, to swim in public for a reasonable sum. She says "no doubt people will think it a wild idea," but she "understands her business."

The Fashions.

It is said that the Empress Eugenie has astonished the fashionable world of Paris by suddenly adopting a remarkable simplicity of dress. A plain dress, without trimming, and worn with only a linen collar and cuffs, is said to have been her costume on a recent occasion. She astonished some silk manufacturers, who displayed before her some samples of antique and very costly brocades, by telling them her husband could not afford her so expensive a toilette. Her latest whim is said to have taken the direction of sewing machines, and she has not only become an expert operator herself, but insists upon an hour's practice as one of the morning recreations of her ladies—much to their disgust. With this collapse in the fashions, crinoline is going down. The London correspondent of the New York Times says:—

Talking of fashion, crinoline is done for. It has gone out of the fashionable world all at once, like a melting snow, or a vanishing rainbow. How could a poet say, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever!" Only the servants and very common people now wear the wonderful expansion, and they will drop them as soon as they get a good look at their slim betters. The sudden change is very droll. You meet a lady in the street and look behind her to see if she has not dropped something. The rotundities gradually collapsed, and all at once vanished, and are now "though lost to sight to memory dear." But what is to become of the manufacturers of those wonderful articles, which the French call cages? Can they be used in the fisheries, or for hen coops? Now we have the gored dresses and trains of the first empire, which, in a month's time, will seem so becoming and beautiful that we shall wonder how we could ever have admired any other fashion.

Speaking of bonnets, the same correspondent says:

I suppose our New York ladies will be interested in a description of the spring style of bonnets, "just out" in Paris. Well, it is my unpleasant duty to inform them that the last invention of millinerdom is, if possible, several shades more hideous and unbecoming than the sugar scoop affair derisively termed "a bonnet," which has been in vogue for some months past. The "chapeau Lamballe," as it is named, is in shape not unlike the barbers' basin used in some of the comic operas—in other words, Don Quixotte's helmet, stuck squarely on the top of the wearer's head, like the cover of a dinner-pot. It is fastened to its place by means of ribbons about as wide as your two hands, and tied under the chin, forming a gigantic bow, rather larger than the leaf of a moderately sized dining-table. The whole contrivance is absolutely frightful, and for this very reason there can be little doubt that it will soon be all the "rage" with the fair sex, rendering the pretty wearers ugly, the ordinary ones repulsive, and the ugly ones positively hideous. And these atrocious *modes* are invented in France, under a despotic government and possessed of the most vigilant police organization of the world! I should like to know what is the use of having a guillotine, if it cannot be used, now and then, to chop off the heads of a few *modistes* guilty of such abominable inventions?

WANTS "THE SIDEBOARDS" ALSO.—The editor of the Rome (N. Y.) Citizen recently had a wheelbarrow stolen. He intimated in the next issue of his paper that the thief had better come after the sides, since they were no longer of use. The next day the following note was sent to the office:

"Rome april 18 1866.

"Mister Sanford deer sur i seen a notis in yure Paper That sumbody Stole yure Whele-barrow i Knowed that he Fine i seen it in the paper you sed That if The Man what Had it did not want to fetch it Back you would let him have The side Bords if you will leave side Bords right in frunt of the Stower and feed store to Morrow nite i will cum and git them and mutch obligd the wheel was Broke But i got it fixt i pade 2 shillin to git it fixt could you leve a 25 cent stamp With the side Bords where i can find it i shell Want the Bords to frida morning for i want to wheel some gravvle.

"yures Trueley."

☞ PEELING ONIONS.—In peeling onions, put a large needle in the mouth, half in and half out. The needle attracts the oily juice of the bulb, and any number may be peeled without affecting the eyes.

☞ Happy remarks are often made by very unhappy men.

☞ A correspondent in Washington says:—"I was visiting the United States Army Medical Museum here, accompanied by a young lady friend of mine. While looking at some of the badly fractured skulls, my companion pointed out one with two bullet holes through it, and, after expressing her astonishment, remarked, absently, 'Tom, do you suppose he is alive now?' We had been previously looking at some bones of the leg and arm, and I had said that the owners of many of them were still living."

☞ On Friday of last week, as a circus was passing through Westfield, Conn., the elephants frightened to death a horse belonging to a Mr. Baldwin, of Woodbridge, which was hitched by the side of the road. The horse on seeing the elephants stared at them wildly for an instant, and then gave a leap into the air and fell dead.

☞ An actor named Reichleder, at Berdeo, was so frightened at being hissed, that he was struck with paralysis.

☞ A young lady whose father is improving the family mansion, insists upon having a beau window put in for her benefit.

☞ Milk may be kept sweet by having it constantly in the presence of fresh water. In a milk room provided with tubs, in which the water is changed twice a day, milk will not be soured even by lightning. (We suppose that in a spring-house, therefore, milk will never sour at all!—*Ed. Post.*)

☞ A curious item of statistics in the French papers illustrates the superstitions of Parisians. It is observed that on Fridays the omnibus travel of Paris diminishes in the proportion of 25 per cent.—so strong is the superstitious avoidance of doing anything that can be helped on that "unlucky" day. It is also further remarked that when Friday happens to fall on the 13th of the month, the omnibus receipts decrease at the rate of 50 per cent.

☞ THE TABLES TURNED.—A story is told of Hod Ansin, celebrated for his share in the famous bond robbery. While in charge of an officer, on the way to Newburyport, the cars stopped at Beverley, Mass. The officer got out of the cars, and had proceeded a short distance, when Hod also alighted and gave chase to the officer, fearing he might give him the slip.

Astronomical and Geological Progress.

"The earth moves," said Copernicus, and so it does, and will, no matter who says no; and our knowledge of its size, shape, and motions, is becoming strangely altered also. Not many years ago we were all taught that the earth was round like an orange and flattened at the poles. But now all this is superseded. It is not orange, but *lemon* shaped, elongated at the poles, we are told. Whether this was caused by the shrinkage of the earth in gradually cooling off, and whether this is the proper mode of accounting for the up-heaval of those lines of mountains running lengthwise of our continent, such as the Rocky Mountains, the Alleghenies, the *Sierra Nevada*, etc., we need not pretend to guess; but that there must have been, ages ago, a shrivelling up on the one hand, or an elongation on the other, is becoming quite clear. There have also been periods of intense action, followed by periods of long repose—periods when our present tropics were covered with vast fields of ice for ages, and others, when England and all Europe had a tropical climate—periods, in *fact*, when the earth's axis must have been different from what it is at present. All this is clear enough.

But some of the astronomical changes and relations of our planet are also meeting now with separate study, *for* this is no more steadfast science than geology. It has long been known that the moon's motion was being very slowly accelerated, and that our months were really shorter; and this was all laid to another well-known fact; that the earth's orbit was gradually approaching more perfectly to a circle. This would account, it was found, for just *one half* of the moon's acceleration. But Mr. Adams, the astronomer, has not only proved this, but he has also shown that the other half is due to the very slow and gradual lengthening out of the day, so that in the last two thousand years each day is 1 and 1-5th per cent. of a second longer than it was in the days of Julius Cæsar.

Such is the substance of the latest astronomical knowledge exhibited in the London Athenæum. The same paper also contains some brilliant speculations as to the *future* geological history of our planet, derived from its past known History. Geologists of high reputation shrink from the inquiry, and yet it must and will be thought of, and from admitted *facts* we may from a sort of analogy of geology for the future. It may, for instance, fairly be supposed that the present distribution of sea and land will not always remain. New islands are at this moment being thrown up in the Mediterranean. There was formerly a continent on what is now the bed of the Atlantic, and there may be one again. What the effects of these changes will be upon the climate, who shall tell? but they must exert a modifying influence in the distribution of all the future plants and animals of the globe, in the diminution of some and re-arrangement of all—by slow degrees of the whole—the extermination of certain genera and species, and the increase and modification of others.

The whole history of the past shows us that amid this universal instability of all things esteemed most solid and enduring—mountains, continents, oceans, days, months, years and climates—there is a steady plan of *progress* visible, as guiding the whole course of nature and of time. From the minutest plant or animal to the very highest, the law runs on, ever of progress from the simpler to the more complex; from the imperfect towards perfection. The vertebrate animals advance more rapidly than the invertebrate, the warm-blooded than the cold-blooded; man than all other animated beings.

To what extent will all this affect the future of man on this earth? Men are reluctant to part with any characteristic feature they now possess, nor can they conceive of any perfection that will compensate for that. And yet man does change and is changing from savage to civilized. The race is growing, and growing most of all through hopefully anticipating the coming good and working towards it. Prof. Owen says: "Hypothetically, I would remark that man is not likely to preserve his present condition *longer* than contemporary species theirs. The present characters of the human kind are likely to be sooner changed than those of the lower species existing; and with such changes of specific character, if it should be in the ascensive direction, there might be associated powers of penetrating the problems of zoology, so far transcending those of our present condition as to be equivalent to a different and higher phase of intellectual action, resulting in what might be termed another species of zoological science." And so it is that the zoologist sees in the future man a higher zoological character, and each man sees in the future a higher, brighter, broader, holy manhood, according to what is in him to discern of the future.—*Public Ledger.*

NOVEL FASHIONS.—The female head has become a sort of museum for gold bands, cameos, butterflies, and pendulous wreaths which hang under the chin. On the forehead of the fair one may be seen a number of small curls with a comic twist, whilst the back of the head displays an enormous lump of hair, which, instead of being kept together by the cabbage net of three or four months ago, is now allowed to assume a more wild and picturesque aspect. On the crown of the head, and between the two distinct compartments of the hair-dresser's built-up creations, a small dab of a something which is called a bonnet makes the fantastic "get-up" exquisitely eccentric. The importation of blonde hair from Germany, and black locks from the regions of the sunny South, is now one of the most active branches of the commerce of France, and the barber has become a personage who gives himself all the airs of a minister of state.—*London Morning Post.*

☞ According to M. Babinet, a French savant, the coming summer in Europe will be very hot. All the springs, he states, will be dried up, for when there is no snow there are no fountains. It is the snow alone which moistens the earth internally. Rain water does not penetrate sufficiently, being carried off rapidly by evaporation, except in wooded districts.

☞ The Cleveland (Ohio) Register says:—"A gentleman of this city is the happy possessor of a bright little daughter six months old. When the child was born the head was entirely devoid of hair, except that portion of the head which, with ladies, is covered by the waterfall, and this portion was covered with a thick growth of jet black hair three inches long, and precisely in the shape of the most approved 'waterfall.'"

☞ The Louisville Journal says: "A great many of our Southern friends are going North. They feel a curiosity to see what on earth whipped them so."

IT IS NOT YOUR BUSINESS WHY.

Would you like to know the secrets
Of your neighbor's house and life?
How he lives, or how he doesn't,
And just how he treats his wife?
How he spends his time of leisure,
Whether sorrowful or gay,
And where he goes for pleasure,
To the concert or the play?

If you wish it I will tell you,—
Let me whisper to you sly,—
If your neighbor is but civil,
It is not your business *why*.

In short, instead of prying
Into other folks' affairs,
If you do your own but justice,
You will have no time for theirs.
Be attentive to such matters
As concern yourself alone,
And whatever fortune flatters,
Let your business be *your own*.

One word by way of finis,—
Let me whisper to you sly,—
If you wish to be respected,
You must cease to be a *pry*.

☞ A PRIZE CONUNDRUM.—A leather medal having been offered for the worst possible conundrum, the prize was unhesitatingly awarded to the following, selected from several hundreds sent in: "Why is rascality like the breast of a fowl?" "Because it is a *piece of chicane*!"

JULES JARED'S EMAIL DE PARIS.
An Exquisite and Delicate Beautifier of the Skin.
TESTIMONIALS FROM ACTRESSES.
This new and delicate beautifier gives to the most harsh and grated skin both the color and texture of freshly polished ivory. It is used by the most refined and scrupulous ladies. It quickly and effectually removes all discolorations, whether appearing as freckles, tan or morphew, and is especially successful in smoothing out the marks of smallpox. Mademoiselle Vestvali, Mrs D P Bowers, Lucille Western, Mrs Emma Waller, and many other ladies in private life acknowledge its harmlessness and effectiveness. L'Email is the only real beautifier of the skin before the public, and is entirely different from the vulgar pastes, powders and paints that injure the skin. Sold by Eugene Jouin, 111 South Tenth st., Philada. Orders by mail should be addressed to JARED & RENE, Philada, General Agents. mar31-3m

THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY!
DR. J. W. POLAND'S
WHITE PINE COMPOUND,
Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.
THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND CURES
Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other complaints.
Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a good and tried Medicine. It is pleasant, safe and sure.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.
GEORGE W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor,
feb10-3m Boston, Mass.

PEOPLE DIFFER ON MANY POINTS,
BUT ALL AGREE THAT THE
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing"
"IS THE ONLY INFALLIBLE HAIR RESTORATIVE"
For Restoring Gray Hair and Preventing Baldness.
1.—It will restore gray hair to its original color.
2.—It will make the hair grow on bald heads.
3.—It will restore the natural secretions.
4.—It will remove all dandruff and itchings.
5.—It will make the hair soft, glossy and flexible.
6.—It will preserve the original color to old age.
7.—It will prevent the hair from falling off.
8.—It will cure all diseases of the scalp.
Only 75 cents a bottle; six bottles $4. Sold at Dr. SWAYNE'S, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, and all leading Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. mar17-eowtf

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—In sore legs, ulcers, scrofulous affections, and glandular swellings operates gently, but with safety and rapidity that surpass the most ardent expectation. Its purifying and curative powers have never been disputed by all who have given it a fair trial. It is as mild in action, as it is beneficial in effect. Sold everywhere.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market has been rather dull. Sales comprise about [illegible] bbls at prices ranging from [illegible] ⅌ bbl for low grade and good superfine; [illegible] for extra; [illegible] for common to fancy Northwestern family; [illegible] for Penna and Ohio family, and [illegible] ⅌ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour; sales are making at [illegible] ⅌ bbl.

GRAIN.—Wheat continues in fair demand. About [illegible] bus have been sold in lots at [illegible] for common reds; [illegible] for fair; [illegible] for good, and [illegible] for choice including spring Wheat at [illegible] ⅌ bus, the latter rate for choice No 1, and white at [illegible] ⅌ bus as to quality. Rye, [illegible] bus Penna sold at [illegible] ⅌ bus. Corn, [illegible] bus prime yellow sold at [illegible]. Oats, [illegible] bus sold at [illegible] for Penna, and [illegible] ⅌ bus for light Delaware.

PROVISIONS.—The market continues firm at the advance, but the sales are limited. Small sales of new Mess Pork are reported at [illegible] ⅌ bbl. Bacon Hams sell at [illegible], the latter for fancy. Pickled do at [illegible], and Lard in bbls and tcs at [illegible] ⅌ lb. Eggs are selling at [illegible] ⅌ dozen.

COTTON.—The market has been firmer. Sales reach about [illegible] bales of Middlings, in lots, at from [illegible] ⅌ lb.

BEESWAX.—Sales of Yellow at [illegible] ⅌ lb.

COAL.—Cargo sales are making at Port Richmond at [illegible] for White Ash and [illegible] ⅌ ton for Red Ash, as to quality.

FEATHERS.—Sales of prime Western at [illegible] ⅌ lb.

FRUIT.—Green Apples range from [illegible] ⅌ bbl, new dried do at [illegible], and old do from [illegible] ⅌ lb. There is a steady inquiry for Dried Peaches at [illegible] for quarters, [illegible] for halves, and [illegible] for pared.

HAY.—Baled is selling at from [illegible] ⅌ ton.

HOPS.—New Eastern and Western are in demand with sales at [illegible] ⅌ lb.

PLASTER.—Soft sold at [illegible] ⅌ ton.

SEEDS.—The receipts of Cloverseed continue light; [illegible] bus of choice sold at [illegible]. Flaxseed is scarce at [illegible] ⅌ bus.

LUMBER.—White Pine Boards sell at [illegible], Delaware Bay Boards at [illegible], and Hemlock rafts at from [illegible] the M. feet.

SPIRITS.—N. E. Rum sells at from [illegible] ⅌ gallon. Whiskey.—About [illegible] bbls sold at [illegible] for Pennsylvania bbls, and [illegible] ⅌ gallon for Ohio do.

TALLOW.—Sales are making at [illegible] for city rendered, and [illegible] ⅌ lb for country.

WOOL.—The market is more active; sales reach about [illegible] lbs, in lots, at prices ranging from [illegible] to [illegible] ⅌ lb, for common to fine fleece.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about [illegible] head. The prices realized from [illegible] ⅌ lb. [illegible] Cows brought from [illegible] to [illegible] ⅌ head. Sheep—[illegible] head were disposed of at from [illegible] ⅌ lb. [illegible] Hogs sold at from [illegible] ⅌ 100 lbs.

LARGE PROFITS

Can be made by active men in the Stencil Name Plate business. Complete outfits of tools and stock of the best quality are furnished by M. J. METCALF & SON, 101 Union St Boston. Send for price list. my12-6t

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S FINE CLOTHING.—This establishment, located at the southeast corner of Sixth and Market streets, and familiarly known as "Oak Hall," is the largest and best-conducted Ready-made Clothing and Merchant Tailoring house in Philadelphia. Their superior styles, excellent workmanship and moderation in prices have made their house deservedly popular. In their Custom department, where elegant garments are made to order, none but the very best artists are employed, and the fine assortment of materials to select from enables every one to be well suited.

We can recommend this house to all our friends and those who live at a distance can have samples and prices sent by mail, with directions how to measure themselves, so that they can be fitted without difficulty. ap7-3m

From the New York Evangelist.

"We are slow to believe in the efficacy of new remedies which are offered to the public, but the frequent testimony of clergymen and others of our acquaintance has assured us that Dr. COLTON has at last found a means of extracting teeth absolutely without pain."

"To Dr COLTON is due the credit of reviving the use of this most important agent (nitrous oxide) in the practice of Dentistry."—*Letter from Surgeon Carnochan, N. Y.*

The Colton Dental Association makes a specialty of the use of the Nitrous Oxide for Extracting Teeth, having originated its use three years since. Branch Offices in New York, Baltimore, Cincinnati, St Louis, and 737 Walnut street, Philada. my5-2t

NEVER WEAR A COUGH, or irritation on the lungs, when you can buy AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, the world's great remedy that cures it. my5-2t

THERE has nothing as yet surpassed PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER, which is the most valuable family medicine now in use, for many internal and external complaints that flesh is heir to. To convince you of the fact, you have but to call at the drug store, where you can get a bottle—from twenty-five cents to one dollar.—*Tennessee Organ.* my5-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of April, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr JOSEPH MCILWAINE to Miss MARGARETTA E F. JELLETT, both of this city.

On the 2nd of March, by the Rev John Thompson, WILLIAM A. MENDENHALL, Esq., to MARY F., daughter of Dr. J. W. Applegate, both of this city.

On the 26th of April, by the Rev W. T. Eva, Mr GEORGE AIKEN to Miss MARGARET, daughter of the late Moses Ridpath, both of this city.

On the 25th of April, by the Rev. Wm. J. Mann, WILLIAM H ORTH to Miss MARY C. HENNE, both of this city.

On the 26th of April, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, GEORGE HENRY to HARRIET K. MULHOLLAND, both of this city.

On the 9th of April, by the Rev John A. McKean, Mr. EDWARD F. BEDDOE to Miss AMELIA M. EVERETT, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th of April, MATTHEW SMITH, in his 53d year.

In New York, on the 29th of April, SAMUEL H. CARPENTER, in his 60th year.

On the 29th of April, Mrs. SUSANNAH LINDSAY, in her 79th year.

On the 29th of April, THOMAS L. WOOLSTON, in his 57th year.

On the 29th of April, JOHN T. COLEMAN, aged 67 years.

On the 29th of April, Mr JOHN MAXWELL, in his 77th year.

On the 29th of April, MARCIA B. CLAYTON, in her 60th year.

On the 27th of April, SOPHIA, wife of Wm. Boone, in her 63d year.

On the 28th of April, RICHARD W. BROOKS, in his 38th year.

S—T—1860—X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Diarrhoea, Cholera and Cholera Morbus.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.,
21 Park Row, New York.

AGUA de MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight! The ladies' treasure and gentlemen's boon! The "sweetest thing" and largest quantity. Manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia. Used for bathing the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to prevent eruptions, to perfume clothing, &c.

It overcomes the unpleasant odor of perspiration.
It removes redness, tan, blotches, &c.
It cures nervous headache and allays inflammation.
It cools, softens and adds delicacy to the skin.
It yields a subdued and lasting perfume.
It cures musquito bites and stings of insects.
It contains no material injurious to the skin.

Patronized by Actresses and Opera Singers. It is what every lady should have. Sold everywhere. Try the Magnolia Water once and you will use no other Cologne, Perfumery, or Toilet Water afterwards.

DEMAS BARNES & CO.,
jan20-eowtm Props. Exclusive Agents, N. Y.

CHOLERA!

An ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure. Parents, do not hesitate, but send immediately and procure the great ASIATIC REMEDY, which has cured thousands of that dreadful disease, Cholera, and which will soon be in your midst (also its causes, symptoms and treatment and proper mode of administration, without the aid of a physician). Delays are dangerous, send fifty cent stamp, and it will be forwarded to you, and you will live to bless

S. H. SMITH, M. D.,
my12-2t Harewood, Maryland.

$150 A MONTH! New Business for Agents. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me. my19-3m

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Among the embellishments for May are the fine suggestive picture, "The Return of the Swallows;" a showy, picturesque and tasteful Fashion Plate, comprising costumes for riding and other lively, out-door amusements; the wood-cut "Cloverbobs," illustrating the story "How Dr. Rounder beat his Boys;" and "The Bird-Lover," accompanied by a pleasing sketch. The patterns for dress are unusually captivating. An Evening Bodice, a Promenade Jacket with Hood, a Morning Dress, an Evening Toilette, an Embroidered Apron, Hats, Caps and Head-dresses, patterns for Knitting, Crotchet, &c., are among them. The stories are as usual varied and excellent. Una Locke contributes "Brave-Heart of a Woman;" Emilie Lester Leigh, "Life's Saddest Loss;" Tracy Towne, the lively sketch "No Pains, No Gains;" August Bell, the quaint and charming story "Behind a Sofa;" Mrs. M. F. Ames, "Why he Became Governor;" and Emma B Ripley, the conclusion of the interesting story of "Zillah." Then there are poems by Florence Percy, Phila H. Case, Mrs. Annie Beche, Mrs. Anne Sears Fiske, and others; and in conclusion, editorials, book notices, receipts, and fashions.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 8 copies (and one *gratis*) $16. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums.* Single numbers for sale by the newsdealers. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

WITHOUT ITS EQUAL

As a Music Book for Young Folks.

MERRY CHIMES, by L. O. EMERSON, Author of "*The Golden Wreath*," containing Elementary Lessons, Pleasing Exercises, and upwards of 200 Charming Songs. The Public Schools will use it; the children at home will use it; all who have seen it are delighted with it. *Specimen pages sent free.* Price of the "Chimes" 50 cts. Sent, post-paid.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers,
277 Washington St., Boston.

FIRST PREMIUM
IMPROVED
$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5

THE EMBODIMENT OF PRACTICAL UTILITY AND EXTREME SIMPLICITY.

Originally patented May 13th, 1860; Improvement patented June 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with crimping attachment, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; is noiseless in operation, uses the straight needle, and works horizontal, sews with Double or Single Thread of all kinds. Makes the Running-stitch more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making sixteen stitches to each evolution of the Wheel. Will gather, hem, ruffle, shirr, tuck, run up breadths, &c. &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has taken the premium at State Fairs, and received the approval of all the principal journals and of those who have used it. It is the only low priced sewing machine that has received a premium, or that is patented.

"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"With single or double thread, it silently, yet very rapidly, makes the stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, all complete, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted everywhere. Circular, containing Liberal Inducements, sent Free. Address all orders,

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STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

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Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points. my9-1y

$20. BAKER FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.—We want agents, male and female, to introduce the unrivalled and best selling $20 Sewing Machine in the world. It will hem, fell, stitch, quilt, bind, and embroider beautifully. Every Machine warranted for five years. A liberal salary or commission paid. For further particulars address P. C. LATHROP, 249 N. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa. my5-4t

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 50 Cents. Three for $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, dec 17-6t Box 220, Boston, Mass.

WHISKERS.—We will guarantee to every young man who uses RUSSELL'S ITALIAN COMPOUND, according to directions, a luxuriant growth of beard in five weeks, or cheerfully refund the money. Sent free, by mail, for 50 cts. Address MARK RUSSELL & CO., Box 83, Albany, N. Y. mar10-3m

$1500 PER YEAR, paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me., or Chicago, Ill. my12-3m

LOOK! LOOK!—Full instructions by which any person can master the art of VENTRILOQUISM in a few hours, and make a world of fun and a fortune. Sent by mail for 50 cents. Satisfaction given or money refunded in every case. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills. my12-2t

A LADY WHO HAS BEEN CURED OF great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 368, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. my5-10t

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Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

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PROFESSOR MORRIS' AZUMEA,

THE PREMIUM YEAST, OR BAKING POWDER,

Manufactured by E. MOCKRIDGE & CO.,
No. 62 NORTH FOURTH ST., PHILADELPHIA.

On page 473 of Parrish's Pharmacy it is said of the essential ingredients that enter into the composition of the AZUMEA, "That many dyspeptics who cannot tolerate fresh light cakes when raised with yeast, can eat them with impunity when raised in this way;" and in view of the healthfulness of the ingredients, recommends their general use.

The Azumea makes the finest BREAD, BISCUIT, ROLLS, CAKE, DOUGHNUTS, PIE-CRUST, DUMPLINGS, PUDDING, &c., possible; *recipes for which can be had, together with a sample by sending a stamped envelope, with full address of applicant thereon.* Bread is made in the simplest manner. It has the following advantages over yeast or fermented bread:—It can be made and baked in one hour from the time of first handling the flour, it will be moist and pleasant to eat four days after baking; it is easy of digestion, excellent for persons suffering from dyspepsia; retains all gluten, starch and sugar contained in the flour; and therefore produces 1 lb. 12 oz. of bread from 1 lb. 4 oz. of flour, while yeast produces only 1 lb. 9 oz. of bread from 1 lb. 4 oz. of flour, thus obtaining about 27 lbs. more of bread from a barrel of flour, which, with the saving of yeast, will about balance the cost of the Azumea.

This excellent article sold by over 3000 grocers of Philadelphia, has justly obtained two first-class diplomas. my19-11t

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,

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Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with valuable improvements, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	60
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$66
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	74
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	86
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	100
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for The Lady's Friend and The Saturday Evening Post—see Prospectus. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

$25 Bartlett Sewing Machine. $25

LICENSED under patents of Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, and Singer Co.'s, and the only Cheap Machine in the United States, having the right to use the Wheeler & Wilson or Four motion Under-Feed.

We want Agents to sell them. Will pay $60 to $200 per month, or allow large Commissions. Will send Machines, to be paid for when sold. For Circulars, Terms, &c., enclose stamp and address

PAGE BROTHERS,
General Agents,

at either of our offices, Philadelphia Pa., Toledo, Ohio, or St. Louis, Mo.

Sews with double or single thread.—*Scientific American.* ap7-6t

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AWAY with SPECTACLES.

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MADE NEW, without Spectacles, Doctors or Medicine. Pamphlet mailed free. Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1130 Broadway, New York. mar17-3m

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COMFORT AND CURE FOR THE RUPTURED. Sent free. Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1130 Broadway, New York. mar17-3m

PARENTS take care of Your

CHILDREN!

CROUP—Its Cause, Cure, and how it may be prevented. Sent free. Address, E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1130 Broadway, New York. mar17-3m

☞ Freckles, Tan and Pimples. ☜

REMOVED at once, by the use of "UPHAM'S Freckle, Tan and Pimple Banisher." Price, 50 Cents. Mailed to any address for 75 Cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. Sold by all Druggists. my5-3m

GOLDEN COMPOUND warranted to force the beard to grow on the smoothest face in 21 days, or money refunded in every case. Sent by mail for 50 cents a package. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Illinois. my12-2t

The Great Strengthening Tonic!

(NOT A WHISKEY PREPARATION.)

HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE

Debility! Debility!

Resulting from any cause whatever.

H

PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM

INDUCED BY

Severe Hardships, Exposure, Fevers,

OR

DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.

SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, MALE OR FEMALE, ADULT OR YOUTH,

Will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.

O

DYSPEPSIA,

And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the Liver and Digestive Organs,

ARE CURED BY

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

This Bitters has performed more Cures, gives better Satisfaction, has more testimony, has more Respectable People to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.

O

We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and

WILL PAY $1,000

to any one who will produce a certificate published by us that is not genuine.

HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF

Chronic or Nervous Debility

AND

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

F

Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

L

REMEMBER,

That this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO.

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]

Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,

W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 254 Shackamaxon St.

[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.]

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.

Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

[From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Passyunk Baptist Church, Philada.]

From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRIGE.

[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.]

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them to be an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.

Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH,
925 Hutchinson Street, Philada.

N

Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.

A. M. Spangler, Editor of the Culturist, No 25 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, says this Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.

Rev. Thos. Winter, D.D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church.

Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.

These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of this Bitters.

D

Beware of Counterfeits!

☞ See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the wrapper of each bottle.

☞ Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

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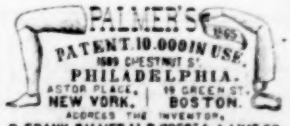

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These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

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Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

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To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to Dr. PALMER, as above directed. oct23-1y

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TIMEKEEPER.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

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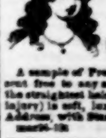
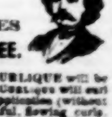


Curls! Curls!

SAMPLES
SENT FREE.



A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The Curlique will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls. Address, with Stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, mar24-13t Parkman, Ohio.

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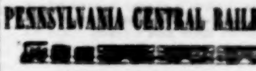

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway, running to and from the Depot. The last car leaves Front Street about 30 minutes prior to the departure of each Train.

On SUNDAYS—Cars leave Eleventh and Market Streets 45 minutes before departure of the Evening Trains.

MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at	8.00	A. M.
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	"	10.00	"
FAST LINE	"	12.00	M.
PARKESBURG	"	1.00	P. M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	"	4.00	"
PAOLI TRAIN, No. 2	"	5.30	"
ERIE MAIL†	"	9.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS‡	"	11.10	"

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS*	"	1.10	A. M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	"	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	"	8.20	"
PARKESBURG	"	9.00	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	"	12.30	P. M.
FAST LINE	"	1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	"	4.40	"
DAY EXPRESS	"	5.00	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	9.30	"

*Daily, except Saturday. †Daily. ‡Daily, except Monday.

All other Trains daily, except Sunday.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

TICKET OFFICES

Have been opened at No. 631 Chestnut Street, Continental Hotel, and Girard House, where Tickets may be procured to all important points in Pennsylvania, as well as the West, North-west, and South-west; and full particulars given as to time and connections, by JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent.

The Ticket Office at West Philadelphia will be continued as heretofore, where all information respecting routes, as well as Tickets, can be had on application to THOMAS H. PARKE, Ticket Agent at the Depot.

An Emigrant Train runs daily (except Sunday). For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK, ap7-3m No. 137 Dock Street.

CANCER.

A NEW method of treating CANCER, by Drs. BABCOCK & SON, which has already been proved by over TWO THOUSAND CASES to be the most SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT FOR CANCER that has ever been used by man. The method of treatment is simple. This terrible disease is removed by a mild paste, without the use of the knife, Loss of Blood, Production of Pain, Causing Burning, or affecting the sound parts. We will give any number of Testimonials; also will answer all letters of inquiry. Address DRS. BABCOCK & SON, 700 Broadway, New York. mar3-12t

$1,500 a year to Agents. Business permanent and honest. Samples sent for 10 cents, worth at retail $2, or particulars sent free. C. L. VAN ALLEN, may5-2t 48 Nassau St., New York.

SOMETHING WONDERFUL, AMUSING AND PROFITABLE.—Agents Wanted. Send three Cents, and Stamp and receive by return mail full particulars and a gift. Address CAMERON & CO., ap21-6t 140 Nassau St., New York.

TASTE IN DRESS.

Some ladies speak so eloquently on this topic that it would seem that the rest of their sex would be converted without any further ado But such is not the case, and the pen must still labor faithfully at the herculean task of cultivating in women a refined taste in dress. It is really delightful to lovers of the beautiful to meet some of our maids and matrons on the promenade. Not the ones who pride themselves on the most singular costumes, the newest or oldest fashions, or the most expensive wardrobes. The crowd generally turns its head to look at them, but seldom with admiration; there is such a palpable demand for admiration and defiance of criticism, that the licensed crowd stares to the ladies' satisfaction and makes what comments it likes. Nor do I refer to another class who display one rich piece of dress to the annihilation of all fitness in the rest of the costume. A fine crape bonnet, for instance, with a shabby cloak or a cheap dress; a very rich dress with a hat that has seen better days; or a magnificent cloak revealing with malignant fidelity the poverty or dowdy old age of its immediate neighbors. The woman who imagines that one rich garment will hide the defects of the rest, is as much mistaken as the ostrich who buries his head in the sand and fancies himself hid. The first impression made by a woman so dressed, is pity. Pity that she hadn't money enough to make her costume equally rich, or taste enough to make it equally plain. I have seen women—who appeared to be respectable, too—out on the street some of our foggy, drabbly days, trailing a light mauve silk through the dirt, or a lavender, or sky-blue and so far from enviously contemplating the richness or abundance of their wardrobe, I invariably think—"Poor things! it is a pity they have no other dresses." But there is still a third class, and I might write of them all day without telling all the nice things I think of them, if they are women, whose taste in dress amounts to an art; and let me tell you when all else corresponds it is one of the finest of the fine arts. Artists, in painting or sculpture, choose for their highest themes the beauty of woman, enhanced by the grace and appropriateness of her costume. But who wouldn't prefer the lovely woman herself, living, breathing, and loving, to all the cold marble and bits of canvas in the world? She doesn't last quite as long, to be sure, but is far more charming while she stays. And how much this charm depends upon the style in which the lovely woman is dressed! Henry Ward Beecher said—"Dress doesn't make the man; but so long as the man is made, he looks much better dressed." The same remark will apply to women in the majority of cases, and the majority rules. A perfect taste in dress is one of the greatest accomplishments a woman can possess for through it she can at all times make herself an object of beauty and delight. Do not think I am going to write in favor of calico and gingham; every man does that without considering that women fully realize the beauty and comfort of those articles in their proper time and place; but there are seasons when they would be inappropriate and offensive. "Elegant simplicity" is the true taste after all, for a cheap costume may be elegant, and a rich one be simple, but it requires more tact to accomplish the latter than the former. If one dresses richly it is so easy to overload with trimmings, lace, etc., and then its very costliness makes the dress look "dowdy;" and women know the horrors of this state. Perfect harmony is as requisite in a costume as in an opera, if we would produce a complete and beautiful whole, and a discord in dress offends the eye of taste as much as a false note does the ear of a musician.

THE MALE AND FEMALE VOICE.

Nature alone has given the human being two distinct kinds of voice, that are again divided and sub-divided. In order to make the causes of this clear, let us cast a glance at one of the simplest laws of tonal vibration. For example—we take a string of a certain length and strength, and give it a certain tension. If with a bow, or simply with the finger, we set it in motion we shall perceive a tone, which we shall call C. Here is another string of the same strength and tension, but only half the length of the last. If we set it in motion it also gives out the tone C—but not the same; it is finer, higher, more penetrating. In order to give forth the high C, the short string is obliged to give forth twice as many vibrations as the long but in the same time. Without knowing it or willing it, we obey the same laws of vibration. Ask a young girl to sing an air that has just been sung by a man, and in the same key; she will sing it an octave higher. The finer and more delicate voice of a woman makes more vibrations in the same time than that of a man and is higher from that cause. The woman is the octave, the half of the man. The good citizens who call their wives their "better halves" are right, musically speaking. The octave exists through the might of the right divine.

In the male and female voice there are again two principal subdivisions, man sings tenor or bass, woman contralto or soprano. The contralto is the octave of the bass, the soprano the octave of the tenor. Each of those voices has its own peculiar character that does not depend merely on compass or on fullness, but rather on tone coloring.

POETIC PICTURE OF LONDON.

Do you know a city, reader, with miles—thousands of miles of streets!—with houses—huge blocks of brute matter pierced with holes no more, as regards any hidden laws of beauty, yet at twilight looming down into grandeur, and at midnight massing into mountains of black marble, with a monotonous splendor of repetition worthy of Hades, and not to be matched this side of purgatory! For buttresses of shadow, and rank and file of colossal darkness veiling life, is there anything to equal London by night? It may be rain, it may be fog, but there it is, eluding the eye, mocking the sense, and filling the brain with a repetition which is incontestably sublime. Talk of Paris with its glittering whiteness, its fountain squares, its columns and arches, its monster domes, its swift, narrow river, chained and subjugated with bridges, its stainless sapphire air and light, laughing, restless clouds—what is that to London, on a bright, March, blustering day, with its million chimneys, each one with its own banner of white smoke, its fervent roar of endless crowds, rough and tumultuous, and its great canopy of vapor, fire-veined, now sun-smitten, now driven by its tempest-host, now thinning and growing glorified with light!

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN

In the act of writing a funny poem that will make you die of laughing when you read it.

[The enlarged photograph on the wall represents the same person when not engaged in comic composition.

A STORY OF THE TRICHINA.

The awful calamity which has been devastating Hedersleben and its vicinity, bring to light the following strange occurrence, which happened in Germany many years ago:

In the year 1845, several clergymen and other official persons met at Jessen, a little town in the district of Merseburg, for the purpose of inspecting the schools. Seven members of the commission took their luncheon at the house of a wine merchant named Gese. The fare consisted of cheese, sausage, raw ham, and white wine. A Mr. Stoukert came rather later and ate nothing, but drank a glass of wine. A few days afterward all the seven who had taken luncheon became very seriously ill, and four of them died. The symptoms were violent diarrhœa, red spots on the skin, swelling of the whole body, accompanied by great pain, sleeplessness, and delirium. The doctors were completely puzzled, and could come to no other conclusion than that the food had been poisoned, which seemed to be more than probable, as Mr. Stoukert remained perfectly well. Suspicion naturally fell on the wine merchant Gese. Two of the bodies were disinterred and chemically examined, but no trace of poison was discovered. The popular belief, however, that there had been foul play was so strong that Gese was from that time a ruined man. Nobody would have any further intercourse with him, and he found himself compelled to emigrate with his family to America, where he is supposed to have died in great indigence.

In the year 1863 the teacher, Oehme—one of the three who had recovered from the imagined poisoning—came to Berlin for the purpose of having an operation performed on his neck. As soon as Mr. Langendack, the celebrated surgeon, had laid bare the upper layer of muscle, he observed a very large number of small white spots. They were examined by the microscope and found to be dead trichinæ. Here then, was the solution of the fatal mystery which had occasioned the utter ruin of an innocent man, and might very easily have cost him his life as well as his good name.

NATIVE PLACE.

Sir Bernard Burke, in his Vicissitudes of Families, gives us a most touching instance of the love of flowers to linger upon the spots where they were once tenderly nurtured. "Being in search," he tells us "of a pedigree with reference to the Finderness, once a great family seat in Derbyshire, I sought for their ancient hall. Not a stone remained to tell where it stood. I entered the church—not a single record of a Finderne was there! I accosted a villager, hoping to glean some stray traditions of the Findernes. 'Findernes,' he said, 'we have no Findernes here, but we have something that once belonged to them—we have Findernes' flowers.' 'Show me them,' I replied, and the old man led me into a field which still retained faint traces of terrace and foundation. 'These,' said he pointing to a bank of garden flowers grown wild, "these are Findernes' flowers, brought by Sir Geoffrey from the Holy Land, and do what we will, they will never die."

HOW TO GROW BEAUTIFUL.

Persons may outgrow disease and become healthy by proper attention to the laws of their physical constitution. By moderate and daily exercise, men may become active and strong in limb and muscle. But to grow beautiful, how? Age dims the lustre of the eye, and pales the roses on beauty's cheek; while crows feet and furrows and wrinkles and lost teeth and gray hairs and bald head and tottering limbs and limping, most sadly mar the human form divine. But, dim as the eye is, pallid and sunken as may be the face of beauty, and frail and feeble that once strong, erect, and manly body, the immortal soul, just fledging its wings for its home in heaven, may look out through those faded windows as beautiful as the dew drop of summer's morning, as melting as the tears that glisten in affection's eye, by growing kindly, by cultivating sympathy with all human-kind, by cherishing forbearance toward the follies and foibles of our race, and feeding day by day, on that love to God and man which lifts us from the brute, and makes us akin to angels.

A NEW ORLEANS editor, when an apprentice to the printing business, went to court a preacher's daughter. The next time he went to meeting, the father took for his text—"My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

MUST HAVE HER APPLAUSE.

Formerly it was the rule at Naples, that when an actress was about to make her debut, she waited and solicited the honor of the King's presence on her first appearance. In compliance with this rule, Madame Malibran went to his majesty and said, hesitatingly—"Sire, if it be agreeable to your majesty, I have come to request that your majesty will be graciously pleased not to appear at the theatre to-morrow evening." The king, not a little astonished, demanded the reason of a request so singular. "May it please your majesty, I have heard that it is the etiquette in Naples not to applaud in the presence of royalty; that is to say, unless you graciously set the example." The king perceiving that she was embarrassed, desired her to speak out. "Sire, as you are good enough to command me to speak, I will. The fact is, I am so much in the habit of being applauded the instant I appear on the stage, that I am sure, if I were received in silence, I couldn't sing a note." "Very well," said his majesty, "I will set the example. Fear not; you shall be abundantly applauded." Madame Malibran returned home highly satisfied by having thus reassured powerful protection. In the evening, just before she had made her appearance on the stage, she got between the side scenes, where she might be seen from the royal box, and having caught the eye of the king, reminded him of his promise by clapping her hands. His majesty, pleased with her freedom and originality, failed not to be as good as his word, and the whole house loudly responded to the royal signal.

FORTY YEARS OLD.

The lady who has been described as the most graceful and charming woman in Europe will be forty years old on the fifth of this month. She is not only distinguished for her personal attractions, but she sits on the loftiest throne in the world, and is the reigning queen of another world whose limit is as boundless as civilization. This lady, of course, is the Empress Eugenie of France. With all her power she is powerless in the grasp of Time. Years accumulate, leaving on her handsome countenance their ineffaceable mark, and queen as she is, she cannot wipe one from the score. By a caprice of taste she can set the female world in a flutter, but she cannot possess herself of the youth of the humblest of her worshippers. Poor Empress! Less fortunate than her obscure sisters, she cannot even practice a little harmless deception in the matter of age. The world knew when she was born, and, having been kind enough to remember the event, is now too cruel to forget. It is a question whether it is worth while to be a queen at such a penalty. In point of fact, forty years is not a great age. A maiden of forty might properly be called an ancient maiden, but a monarch at forty is young. Daniel Webster was forty when he made his celebrated speech in reply to Hayne, yet nearly all the greatness of his life came after. We question, however, if the Empress will find consolation in the study of history. Hers was the reign of beauty, the most imperious but evanescent reign that mortal can aspire to gain. The reign of a beauty is generally compressed into ten fleeting years. After that, the Deluge.

A CLERGYMAN was endeavoring to instruct one of his Sunday scholars, a ploughboy, on the nature of a miracle. "Now, my boy," said he, "suppose you were to see the sun rising in the middle of the night, what should you call that?" "The moon, please sir." "No, but," said the clergyman, "suppose you knew that it was not the moon, but the sun, and that you saw it actually rise in the middle of the night—what should you think?" "Please, sur, I should think it was time to get up."

"Stop pounding that mule," said General Sherman to a soldier, who was unmercifully beating the beast. The soldier unacquainted with the General, told him to mind his own business. "I tell you again, to stop. I am General Sherman." "That's played out," said the soldier. "Every man that comes along here with an old brown coat, and a stove-pipe hat, claims to be General Sherman." For once the General considered himself outflanked.

☞ When you have no observers, be afraid of yourself.

☞ How to buy coals cheap.—Don't give too high a price for them.

LOOKING FOR CHRIST.

He which testifieth these things saith Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus. Rev. xxii. 20.

'Tis not far off—the hour
When Christ will claim his own!
We soon shall hear that voice of power;
The Lord himself shall come!

The days are passing by,
The years flow on apace;
Lord Jesus! thy return draws nigh,
We long to see thy face!

Earth's shadows deeper grow,
This is no rest of ours;
The fairest portion here below
Fades like the fragile flowers.

Eternal in the heavens
Is our prepared abode;
Radiant and pure, in light divine,
There shall we dwell with God.

No more the aching head,
The weary pilgrim feet,
The toil to win the daily bread,
But rest, divinely sweet.

Come quickly, blessed Lord!
Like exiles here we roam;
Fulfil to us thy gracious word,
Take us to heaven our home.

The Art of Growing Old.

Old people have the best right to speak on this subject. I give a sample from Lord Brougham, addressed to aged persons after he had himself passed the age of four-score. He is telling them in a practical way how to secure repose. "I strongly recommend you," he says, "to follow the analogy of the body in seeking the refreshment of the mind. Everybody knows that both man and horse are much relieved and rested if, instead of lying down and falling asleep, or endeavoring to fall asleep, he changes the muscles he puts in operation: if, instead of level ground, he goes up and down hill, it is a rest both to the man walking and the horse which he rides; a different set of muscles is called into operation. So, I say, call into action a different class of faculties, apply your mind to other objects of wholesome food to yourselves as well as of good to others, and, depend upon it, that is the true mode of getting repose in old age. Do not overwork yourselves: do everything in moderation." His lordship had doubtless often proved the value of the expedient he here recommends. Another sample I will quote from memory from one of the last sermons preached by the late William Jay to a congregation some of whom had hung upon his words for nearly fifty years. "We have grown old together," he said; "we are living epistles which men have been reading for a very long time and our lives have been written by ourselves over a very large sheet; but, large as it is, we have filled page after page, and are now drawing near to the bottom of the last remaining one What do we do when we write letters, farewell letters, to those we love, and the paper falls short? Why, we write closer, and condense our forms of expression, so as to get more matter into the sheet; and we write faster as post time draws near, lest the hour be past ere we have finished. That is what we should do—what we must do—with the epistle of our life We have no time to waste now, no space to spare for trifling matters, for vain words, for gossip and dawdling: be it ours to crowd into the close of our lives as much of work, of the work which is worship, as God will grant us grace and strength to accomplish."

☞ The longest name a parent ever inflicted upon a child in this country belongs to a married lady in Boston. She generally uses the initial A, but her name is Aldebarontiphosco-fornia.

☞ Dido fell in love with Æneas, but he gave her the cut direct. And he has his imitators. Men have been cutting didoes ever since.

☞ Woman—An essay on grace, in one volume, elegantly bound.

☞ There is something exquisite in our countryman's reply to the European traveller, when he asked him whether he had just crossed the Alps. "Wal, now you call my attention to the fact, I guess I did pass risin' ground."

☞ "Ah! how doth you like my mustache, Miss Laura?" lisped a dandy, to a merry girl. "Oh, very much. It looks like the fuzz on the back of a caterpillar."

☞ The proportion of will and power is not always reciprocal. A copious measure of will is sometimes assigned to ordinary and contracted minds, whilst the greatest faculties are frequently evaporate in indolence and languor.

☞ A New Jersey light-house keeper put out the lights at midnight, on the ground that he thought all vessels ought to be in the harbor before that time.

☞ Astronomers have discovered that the moon is drawing gradually nearer to the earth by about an inch every year; also that the day is one hundredth of a second longer now than it was 2,000 years ago.

☞ A grumbler explains the present system of raising revenue as follows:—"Now you see, in the first place, they git the hang of a feller's business. That is taxed. Then they find out how much he earns every month, and that's taxed. Then they find out all about his profits, and on that they lay their tax. Then they manage to get some tax on what he owes. Next comes what they call income, and that's taxed. Then, if anything is left, the preacher calls around and gits it to sustain the church and convert the heathen."

☞ Dr. Windship, the strong man, advertises an improved apparatus for doubling the strength in three months. An anxious husband inquires if it is intended for ladies' use? He says he has as much as he can do to manage his wife now, and if she should get one of those machines it would be all day with him!

☞ Who were the original bogtrotters? The Fenians.—Punch.

☞ A German spiritualist who called up the spirit of Cæsar at the request of a visitor, was confounded at the gentleman's addressing questions of the dead Cæsar in the Latin tongue. The spirit replied that he could only converse in French, German or Russian, whereupon the absurdity of the thing broke up the seance in laughter and confusion.

☞ Three hundred babies in Indiana have been named after the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, by their admiring parents.

☞ Success with the ladies is like violin playing,—a great deal depends on the beau-ing.

☞ Military definition for a kiss—Report at headquarters.

☞ A farmer bearing the name "Ante Apostles Pegden," recently died in Kent, England.

HOW TO AVOID THE CHOLERA.

At a meeting of the New York Health Commissioners, Dr. Sayres, of Brooklyn, gave the following general rules for the treatment of cholera patients: "Great fear and anxiety had a great deal to do in the prostration and spread of disease, and influenced the physical condition to such a degree as to make persons more subject to it than they would otherwise be. He thought if the people understood the single fact that it always is preceded by certain premonitory symptoms, such as lassitude, languor, debility, and a diarrhœa, and that in this stage of the disease it is nearly always curable, if the proper precautionary measures are taken, it would tend to allay the popular terror.

"At this stage of the disease it is of the first importance to pay attention to the first symptom, which is diarrhœa. At the very first approach, the patient should assume a horizontal posture and retain it, with the hips higher than the shoulders, and under no circumstances assume the perpendicular, even for a moment. Absolute, positive rest is needed, the body being kept in a warm condition. Any artificial means can be used for that which may be necessary. The main thing is the horizontal position, and perfect rest at the very commencement of the disease. If the patient is down stairs when taken, let him stay there or be carried up. If he is out visiting, let him stay at his friend's house.

"Keeping this position for forty-eight hours, in the majority of instances, the disease will pass over, and the patient, on recovery, need make no very great changes in his mode of life. Of course, if he has bad habits, he should reform them; eat and drink rationally, and attend to business as usual, but not overdo it. In the present state of the atmosphere, when pestilence is abroad, the system is rendered more liable to exhaustion, and he should husband his strength by avoiding violent exercise. With these few precautionary measures, and a proper sanitary condition of the city, and a rigid enforcement of quarantine, we may hope to escape any pestilential epidemic."

TOBACCO was first brought into repute in England by Sir Walter Raleigh. By the caution he took in smoking it privately, he did not intend it should be copied. But sitting one day in deep meditation, with a pipe in his mouth, he inadvertently called to his man to bring him a tankard of small beer. The fellow, coming into his room, threw all the liquor into his master's face, and running down stairs, bawled out, "Fire, help! Sir Walter has studied till his head is on fire, and the smoke bursts out at his mouth and nose."

AN INGENIOUS SWINDLE.—The French police lately captured an ingenious rogue. He employed a young draughtsman to make drawings for him of the newest articles exposed for sale in jewellers' shop windows, and immediately had close imitations made of base metal. He would then pretend to wish to purchase the articles, and have them sent to his hotel, ostensibly for the purpose of showing them to his wife, when he had only to change them for the counterfeits which he would send back.

"I SAY, boy, how far do these rocks run into the sea?" asked a gentleman of a half-clad, tousie haired fisherman's son on the east coast of Scotland. "They dinna rin ava, zir; they joost lie still there."

RECEIPTS.

VICTORIA SANDWICHES.—Take four eggs, half a pound of pounded lump sugar, half a pound of fresh butter, and half a pound of flour. Beat the butter to cream, dust in the flour, and add the egg well whisked; then beat with a fork for a quarter of an hour. Butter a tin, pour in half the mixture, and bake it from a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes. Remove it from the tin, butter again, and add the other half of the mixture. Bake as before. When cool, spread jam thickly over one portion of the cake, place the other part over it, and cut it into whatever shape you please.

JELLY CAKE.—To three well-beaten eggs add one cup of powdered sugar, one of flour; stir well, and add one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in three teaspoonful of water. Bake in two pie pans, spread as even as possible. Have ready a towel, and as soon as done, turn the cake on it, bottom side up, then spread evenly with jelly, roll up quickly, and wrap in a towel.

HAIR WASH.—I have found a mixture of honey water and glycerine, a very simple and pleasant wash for the hair. The proportions I have used have been equal parts of honey water and glycerine, to about four or five of plain water. It can be made stronger or weaker, as may be wished; it is cleansing and smoothing to the hair.

ORANGE JELLY.—Boil two ounces of isinglass in a pint and a half of water, add half a pound of fine loaf sugar, the juice of three sweet, three bitter oranges, and three lemons; strain through a jelly bag, and mould it. Some people prefer a wineglassful of rum added, but that may be omitted.

LEMON JUICE TO RELIEVE PAIN.—Dr. Brandini, of Milan, says that lemon juice, or a solution of citric acid, relieves the pain of cancer when applied to the sore as a lotion. The discovery was made accidentally, and the value of the application was confirmed by repeated experiments.

TOOTH POWDER.—The following is an excellent tooth powder: Precipitated chalk, four ounces; charcoal powder, half ounce; orris powder, two ounces; otto of roses, ten drachms; oil of sandal wood, three drachms. In place of sandal wood oil, one ounce of sandal wood powder may be used.

A RECIPE FOR FURNITURE CREAM.—Three ounces of white wax, half-ounce of castile soap, one gill of turpentine. Shave the wax and soap very fine, and put the wax to the turpentine. Let it stand a day and night; then boil the soap in one gill of water, and add to the wax turpentine.